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Is Chastity Outmoded?
by Eustace Chesser

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Thoughts on the Budget
by T. Balogh

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Witch Hunt
by H. R. Trevor-Roper

Comments on the Week's News .. 462
What Does Russia Want? 464
Thoughts on the Budget. Thomas Balogh 465
London Diary. Critic 466
This England 467
Dead Men Leading. Malcolm Muggeridge 467
Is Chastity Outmoded? Eustace Chesser 468
True White Man. Brian Cleeve .. 470

ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT

Poussin at Dulwich. John Berger .. 472
Gramophone Records. David Drew .. 474
Dream Houses. Reyner Banham .. 474
Cicero to Baker Street. William Whitebait 475
Deodorising the Gutter. Tom Driberg 476

CORRESPONDENCE

Malcolm MacEwen, Jas. B. Kelly, Prof. J. D. Bernal, N. A. Smith, Thomas Hodgkin, A. H. T. Chisholm, Deana Levin, Geoffrey Gorer 476

Books in General:
The Pincer and the Book. H. R. Trevor-Roper 480
A New Grave. J. C. Hall 481

REVIEWS

How to Live with Mrs Proudie's Ghost. Arthur Mizener 481
Life in the Long House. V. S. Pritchett 482
Sloggin' over Africa. Arthur Marshall 482
New Poetry. Robin Skelton 483
East of the Elbe. Basil Davidson .. 484
Nigeria's Heroic Age. Thomas Hodgkin 484
Dialogue with a Devil. Kenneth Robinson 485
Other New Novels. Maurice Richardson 486
Week-end Competitions 487
City Lights. Taurus 488

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Nehru's Dilemma

THE whereabouts of the Dalai Lama is crucial. As the ex-Premier of Tibet puts it: 'The Dalai Lama's wishes are the wishes of the people of Tibet. Whatever he says, we will follow him. The government of the Panchen Lama [set up by the Chinese] is not acceptable to any Tibetan. The real government is with His Holiness'. Hence the letters, which few people outside China accept as genuine, suggesting that the Dalai Lama has been kidnapped; hence Peking's spectacular efforts to prevent him from reaching sanctuary in India. If he can be made to look Peking's willing partner, the revolt will collapse; if he is free, guerilla warfare is likely to continue in Tibet and activity in support of the Dalai Lama may well grow among his innumerable devotees along the whole Indian-Chinese frontier.

Mr Nehru's statement to the Tibetan delegation in Delhi betrays his almost desperate anxiety to avoid an open quarrel with Chou En-lai. No sensible person asks him to 'intervene'; he has neither the power nor the legal right. The Indian press and parliament have, however, underlined his declaration that Indians have the right to criticise China with complete freedom.

In the legal sense, as many past official British announcements made clear, Tibet is part of China, though the central government of China has, until the Communists came, seldom exercised any control in Lhasa. Nehru may still have some hope of mediating; his 1954 treaty with Chou En-lai leaves him some standing ground, in that India then resigned the rights in Tibet which she inherited from the British while Chou En-lai promised to respect Tibet's autonomy. But Nehru's real anxiety is lest the Tibetan revolt spreads to areas like Sikkim and Bhutan whose autonomous rulers rely by treaty on India's protection. If their Buddhist populations were to rise in support of the Tibetans, Peking might seize the excuse to cross the frontier and so perhaps precipitate a catastrophic clash with India.

These facts explain what Nehru meant when he talked of seeing the Tibetan problem in its 'world setting'. Where the Indian premier seems seriously vulnerable is in his answer to a parliamentary question about refugees. It would have been good to hear him state that India would, of course, grant asylum to refugees from Tibet. But he was anxious first to explain that Kalimpong has not, as the Chinese have suggested, been used as a political centre from which agents of Chiang Kai-shek or other foreign powers have organised the rebellion in Tibet. He explained that he had some time ago refused to allow people to cross the frontier unless they had travel permits; in short, he had taken steps to stop the kind of intrigue which China alleged. As for the future he asserted India's right to accept or refuse asylum and said that individual cases had to be considered on their merits.

This sounded like an unnecessary and frightened form of appeasement. It seems, however, unlikely that India will refuse to receive refugees. In fact, as Nehru himself has pointed out, in a passage not reported in this country, there is a constant stream of Buddhists daily flowing backwards and forwards between Kashmir and Tibet without papers of any kind. *The Times* correspondent in Kalimpong reported that there has not yet been any flight of refugees from Tibet into India; one refugee has reached Sikkim safely, and others can presumably do the same. It is the Chinese who are trying to prevent many Indian supporters of the Dalai Lama from crossing into Tibet. No one really doubts that the Dalai Lama will be given asylum in India if he reaches it, and Indian opinion clearly would not stomach a refusal to welcome Tibetan refugees.

The fact that Tibet has for centuries lived under a fantastic kind of theocratic tyranny does not affect the claims of humanity. In this matter of refugees Nehru should stand firm on his legal and customary rights. According to precedent in liberal countries, he should welcome refugees, even in large numbers. The precedent of Austria's unlimited hospitality to Hungarian refugees is in everyone's mind. Nehru, personally, cannot afford to be less generous than Austria, since he has built during his 11 years in office a world reputation as a champion of small peoples struggling against oppression.

Comments on the Week's News

Showdown in the ETU?

This weekend the executive council of the Electrical Trades Union will consider the latest letter from the TUC, which asks for more specific answers to its questions about the relations between the union leadership and the Communist Party. The leadership will also 'try' four of its most prominent critics. On this executive of 11 members, which acts as prosecutor, judge and jury, there are five admitted Communists, and, in addition, the three most prominent Communist officials in the union attend its meetings. Communists, moreover, hold a similar proportion of lesser offices: four of the five national officers and 16 of 36 full-time area officials are party members. All of them are either members of the Communist 'advisory committee' for the ETU, or work under its direction, as do the several hundred Communists in the branches who have ensured the election of party nominees. The point at issue is not their right to belong to the union, or to hold office in it: it is the means by which they perpetuate party control of the union and make a farce of union democracy. If the 'capitalist press' publishes information which they consider should be suppressed, and if there is a danger that the scandals within the ETU may lead to government inquiries or even restrictive legislation, the fault lies solely with those responsible for the scandals, not with their critics.

The charges against three of the critics, Mr Les Cannon, Mr Bill Sullivan and Mr Mark Young, are made under Rule 10, Section 4, which makes it an offence 'to disclose union business'. Mr Cannon talked to the press when he was excluded from the TUC delegation last year; Mr Sullivan wrote a letter to *Tribune*; Mr Young published a letter in this journal last August, in which he showed in detail how the Communist machine operates. It is an odd coincidence that this weekend's charge against Mr Young is made in the name of Mr J. Hendy, a Communist member of the executive, who himself wrote two letters to this journal (February 1958) in, he then pointed out, 'his personal capacity'. Such use of the union rule-book by men who themselves systematically disclose and discuss union business with the Communist Party officials in King Street is hypocrisy, and an attempt to silence accurate and damaging criticism within the ETU. Significantly, the fourth man to be charged is Mr Harry Marshall, the secretary of Mitcham branch, which has a consistent record of opposition to the controlling Communist clique.

This controversy arose in the first place over allegations of electoral fraud in ETU elections. While the attention paid to ETU affairs in the last two years has made the Communist Party more careful – the total number of votes in branches with Communist officials has fallen sharply in recent elections – some odd things are still happening. In Jarrow, for instance, a branch vote had to be cancelled after it was shown that 61 postal ballots for the Communist-supported candidate bore the same stamp and datemark, and had been posted in a section of town where few ETU members live. In other branches where a Communist group is in control, the proportion of postal ballots has been dubiously high: in an election just concluded, postal votes accounted for 90 per cent. of the total in three London branches.

This is, of course, primarily a matter for the ETU membership. But though the TUC may be reluctant to intervene – both on principle and because members of the General Council are aware that ballot infringements and factional intrigue are not a monopoly of the Communist Party – it must take note of the fact that the ETU leadership is able to suppress or distort criticism to the point where the membership does not know what is going on. If ETU elections were conducted by an impartial body – as, for example, is the case with the mineworkers' union – or if there were a thorough inquiry into the affairs of the union, including an independent and detailed examination of its accounts, the CP could no longer run the union as its pocket borough.

Mr Macawber's Moratorium

With Mr Macmillan safely back in Birch Grove, diplomats are drawing up the balance sheet of his pilgrimage. In two respects, its results were negative. First, Mr Krushchev made it clear that he is not interested in a meeting of heads of government for its own sake: he is prepared to negotiate away his entrenched position over Berlin, but only on condition that new and positive proposals are put forward by the West. Hence, the Moscow talks were saved from complete failure only by Macmillan's decision, in their later stages, to produce his 'freezing' plan for Germany. Secondly, he found in his visits to the western capitals that there is no support for this plan among his allies. Indeed, the divisions in the West as to the substance of the coming negotiations with Russia have been revealed as more profound than anyone had suspected. The atmosphere at Washington and Camp David was friendly; but no progress seems to have been made in hammering out an Anglo-US plan for the Summit. Moreover, in default of this, and in default of a Summit meeting, there is still less agreement among the Allies about the physical steps, if any, they will take if Krushchev enforces his Berlin deadline. Behind the facade of 'standing firm', there is a growing realisation that nobody is prepared to fight a nuclear war over Berlin. In one respect, however, Macmillan's tour was a success: in a strictly illogical manner, it made a Summit meeting far more likely. The Foreign Ministers' conference will now definitely take place. And, although there is almost total disagreement between Britain and the US as to what 'progress' will be required to 'justify' a subsequent Summit meeting, British diplomats are now convinced that, whatever happens, there will be one. Mr Macmillan's plan, such as it is, is perhaps the only one possible in the circumstances. He cannot persuade his allies to accept the minimum which Krushchev requires as a basis for lifting his deadline: therefore, at all costs, he must keep everybody talking. He has succeeded in arranging a moratorium which already stretches as far as August; and he is now talking of further Summit meetings to carry the world safely into 1960. This Micawberesque policy has, unfortunately, one central weakness: it depends for its success entirely on Mr Krushchev's patience, which, like Hitler's, may not be inexhaustible.

NEXT WEEK

Profile of Harold Wilson

with drawing by VICKY

The Great Floods

by TOM DRIBERG

The Cost of Competition

A transport firm, Bulk Liquid Transport, was at Leeds Assizes last week fined £20,000, and four of its employees were jailed, for offences involving both the excessive hours worked by its drivers and the falsification of their records. These must be the most severe penalties ever imposed for breaches of the statutory regulations for the limitation of drivers' hours and for the keeping of accurate logs of journeys made. The offences were very serious infringements of the law, since the vehicles were carrying sulphuric acid: if, because of the fatigue of the drivers, accidents had occurred, the consequences could have been disastrous. Since the denationalisation of the road haulage industry, with its corollary of cut-throat competition, there has been widespread disregard of these statutory regulations, sometimes with the collaboration of drivers who are tempted by the rich rewards. But more often the drivers co-operate under duress. The short-term answer to this practice is stricter law-enforcement and more severe penalties. There are fewer than 100 full-time enforcement officers for over a million and a quarter goods vehicles – a ludicrously inadequate team. As to penalties, the act permits suspension or revocation of licence, but this sentence is rarely imposed. The long-term answer is to end the economic conditions which tempt hauliers to run their vehicles – and sometimes their drivers – to death. The alternative to the present chaos is a planned transport system.

Councils and their Houses

Twelve million people live in council houses. Even assuming a succession of Conservative governments, this number will grow by a million every three years. Some rural councils own a hundred houses; Birmingham owns 120,000; the LCC 190,000. From the smallest estate to the largest, successful management of council estates requires skill, enterprise, and a genuine concern for the happiness of those who live in them. The Central Housing Advisory Committee, an officially sponsored body with the Minister of Housing as chairman, has just published a report (*Councils and their Houses*, HMSO, 2s. 6d.) of its sub-committee on the management of council estates. The Committee recognises that tenants' higher living standards and greater social diversity have markedly changed the character of council estates. But the fact of greater economic stability has led them to deal long-windedly with estate management as 'an important business enterprise'. As a management handbook for the next 20 years it is a great improvement on its 1938 predecessor, but as a source of inspiration it is disappointing. Only in the section on the relations between estate planning and management is it even moderately bold. Here it recommends that housing managers should be leading members of the team designing the estates and houses. This should help the defence of housing standards against the depredations of the Treasury. For one sentence above all the report is valuable. In the long run, it says, management and maintenance costs are as important as capital cost. Since 1951, while a million and a half council houses have been built, this lesson has been completely ignored. The story of this folly will be written in the Repairs Accounts of local authorities over the next 50 years.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Bonn

What is Mac Up to?

Our Bonn Correspondent writes: Dr Adenauer is generally unhappy about the results of Mr Macmillan's five weeks' tour of reconnaissance. Much deeper than the resentment at Britain's possibly taking the lead in any high level talks is the practical fear that any 'freeze' in forces and armaments in central Europe must react upon the future strength of the *Bundeswehr*. The Chancellor may not be enamoured of the idea of atomic weapons; but his ideas on how to deal with the Soviet Union are based on having them, and in any case many Germans are now thinking of these weapons as a matter of prestige. Herr Strauss, the Defence Minister, is certainly out to get them as soon as possible. As a result, while people at home may regard as little more than a repetition of the usual formula for disarmament talks, the passage in the Moscow communiqué which spoke of 'the possibility of increasing security by some method of limitation of forces and weapons in an agreed area of Europe . . .', this to the government here is seen as an attempt to restrain the *Bundeswehr*.

The Chancellor's increased anti-British feelings at this time are greatly regretted by those who feel that his too-great leaning on France will have harmful consequences. It is hoped that de Gaulle's recent recognition of the Oder-Neisse frontier, when he said that France favoured a 'reunification of Germany within its present frontiers', will help to restore the balance. De Gaulle's statement was nothing new. Mendès-France had said it a few years ago. But he has always been represented here as 'quite different from de Gaulle'. The shock of the French President's speaking out of turn has, therefore, led to much criticism, especially as those Germans – the majority – who have accepted the loss of territories beyond the *de facto* frontier have also hoped that this could be a bargaining point at any future serious discussions with the Russians. And, say these people, de Gaulle must have realised the difficulties that such a statement would mean for Adenauer. Government and opposition are divided more sharply than ever on foreign policy. In view of the wide differences also within the government parties, the Social Democrats have an excellent opportunity of advancing both their own ideas and the prestige of their party.

But, as so often in the past, the SPD has again missed the boat. Its leading spokesmen, Erich Ollenhauer, Carlo Schmid and Fritz Erler, recently met Krushchev; and all realised that the USSR had no intention of supporting reunification under anything like free conditions. This, it was expected, would lead the SPD to revise some of its ideas about what proposals should be made for agreement with the Russians. Instead, the SPD produced, on the morrow of a Schmid-Erler press conference which clearly indicated its disillusionment with Moscow, a plan which it could not expect any of its countrymen to accept. Its conditions for East-West German conversations assume parity in numbers of representatives from both parts of this country and display a *naiveté* regarding Communist intentions here which has been easily shattered by all other political parties. Obviously, what happened was as follows. Having worked for months on its plan, the SPD was not prepared to revise it in the light of what its leaders had learnt about Russian intentions. Such a revision would have enormously increased SPD standing among those who are outside the party but disagree with Adenauer's foreign policy. As it is, the SPD leaders have once more disappointed those many liberal-minded Germans who would like to support them.

Johannesburg

University Apartheid

James Fairbairn writes: 'As a result of all this propaganda', said the speaker, 'we are now getting telegrams and cables from all over the world. All these cables go the way of all pernicious things – straight into the waste-paper basket'. The subject was the protests from 296 universities in 52 countries about the imminent imposition of *apartheid* in South African universities – the speaker was Dr Hendrik Frensch Verwoerd, now Prime Minister of the Union of South Africa. Earlier in the week, he had joined his Minister of Justice in smearing as 'political agitators' several distinguished ex-judges, including the revered ex-Chief Justice Centlivres, who had led the widespread local protests against his latest measure, and there can be no doubt about the Nationalists' determination to close the 'open' universities to non-whites. Short of the open defiance, which their financially vulnerable councils are unwilling to offer, or of the mass staff resignations and extended student boycotts which are unlikely to materialise, there is little that can be done by the universities to avert this politically imposed change. Nevertheless, it would be short-sighted to dismiss as futile the protests which the universities of Cape Town and the Witwatersrand are continuing to make, for through them fresh thinking on racial issues has been stimulated and a new sense of identity born between students and staff. This has, for instance, already led to a fresh questioning of the 'traditional' sports *apartheid* which both universities practise, and the impact of international support on the students could yet prove more important than that of opposition on the government.

It is, of course, typical of *baasskap* 'newspeak' that the measure which will deprive Africans of their last access to humanistic education is masqueraded as the Extension of University Education Bill, but to savour the enormity of this verbal trickery one needs to examine its provisions. Students are, in future, to be divided not only according to race, but further according to language. Thus the 300 sub-standard matriculants which Bantu education is to produce annually are to be split amongst four new university colleges, to be instructed strictly in their pastoral tribal vernacular. Unfettered control of students, staff and syllabuses will be given to a white Cabinet minister who may, however, condescend to accept advice from an all-white council and senate appointed by himself. These bodies may, in turn, accept advice from non-white 'advisory councils' and 'advisory senates', likewise appointed by the minister. The new colleges will, of course, be paid for by the Africans themselves, who are already meeting the cost of the social services they receive.

The official Nationalist idea of a school or a university is one which teaches even geometry and algebra in such a way as to prove and reinforce the supremacy of the Afrikaner nation, as ordained by God and revealed through the Dutch Reformed Church. South Africa is the hub of the universe, and Afrikaans the language of the Mount. This philosophy is openly known as Christian national education, and it has been carefully formulated and systematically implemented for at least 20 years. Since the Nationalists came to power, it has been the educational policy of the land. It permits of no religious, let alone political, conscience clauses, and none are to be found in the constitutions of the new tribal colleges. A Jewish delegation which protested to Dr Verwoerd about this was assured that such clauses were unnecessary. Verwoerd must have had in mind Article 15 of 'Christian National Education Policy' which, under the heading Native Education, reads:

> Native education should be based on the principles of trusteeship, non-equality and segregation; its aim should be to inculcate the white man's view of life, especially that of the Boer nation, which is the senior trustee.

Fleet Street

Marching into the News

The Aldermaston marchers not only took over Trafalgar Square, they conquered Fleet Street too. A year ago, it was in the main a cool and even a contemptuous press that reported the march. This year it was very different. Almost against its will, Fleet Street found itself admitting that something quite remarkable was happening. This, it decided, was *news*. Not all the press of course. The *News of the World*, ever slow in adjusting its ideas, managed to dismiss the march in three and a half lines. Even the *Sunday Pictorial* surprisingly considered eight and a half lines adequate. The *Sunday Dispatch*, however, gave the march a column streamer with three pictures, and the *Empire News* a three-column picture story on its front page. *Reynolds* also front-paged it. The *Sunday Express*, as was perhaps natural, did what it could to make the whole thing a little dreary. Its headline was '2,400 Weary H-Bomb Marchers Comb Town for Beds'. But its report acknowledged that 'the turn-out caught everyone by surprise'.

It was the *Observer* which on Sunday struck most clearly the note that was to predominate in Fleet Street after the climax in Trafalgar Square the following day. Its long factual report concluded: 'It (the column of marchers) was so long and the weather now so fine that, unlike last year, few marchers could feel that they were part of a small and illicit band of near-martyrs. Those not marching seemed the outsiders'.

The morning papers on Saturday had for the most part been sympathetic but not very excited. By Monday a new note was to be discerned – admiration was creeping in. Even *The Times* was touched. 'The spirits of the 3,000 marchers in the Aldermaston demonstration . . . seemed,' it reported, 'to glow all the more triumphantly in the rain which had accompanied them for much of their 16 miles journey from Slough.' 'A drenched mass of colourful and cheerful humanity', proclaimed the *Express*. 'Singing and undaunted,' echoed the *Herald*. 'Soaked to the skin, bedraggled, hungry but not dispirited,' said the *News Chronicle*, while the *Mirror* devoted almost the whole of its middle page spread to the march. Only the *Telegraph* refused to be impressed. '3,000 H-Bomb Marchers Wet and Weary,' it headed its story. And its opening paragraph began: 'Wet, weary and grumbling, 3,000 anti-H-Bomb demonstrators struggled into West London last night.' The grumblers seem to have been

the *Telegraph's* exclusive property. Reading the other reports, it could congratulate itself – if that is the correct word – on a scoop.

Nor could the *Telegraph* quite bring itself to change step even on Tuesday after the climax in Trafalgar Square. It admitted that the crowd totalled 20,000 and that the tail of the marching columns was still at the Albert Hall when the leaders had finished marching, but was very careful to choose its adjective: 'the motley procession'. *The Times*, with a three-column photograph, acknowledged the satisfaction the leaders of the campaign must have felt. The *Guardian*, declaring that the Trafalgar Square demonstration 'must have exceeded the wildest dreams' of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament committee, went on to report that it had become apparent early in the morning that 'the march had captured the imagination of a great number of people'.

The *Express* devoted a full half page to a Photonews picture story on 'the end of the great march in Trafalgar Square'. Here, it reported, was an 'oddly assorted cross section' of the famous and also of 'the young and weirdly clad'. But, besides these, 'there marched a lot of ordinary anonymous men and women in ordinary clothes. And the thousands who watched them recognised that something very different in the way of processions was passing through London streets'. The *Mail* gave it a seven-column streamer: 'Ban-the-Bomb March Sets Record'. The *Herald* reported that 'thousands lined the route to cheer and cheer again'. And the *News Chronicle* gave the march a front-page story across four columns, a seven-column picture across the top of its main feature page and a leading article. Summing up, James Cameron said what many others in Fleet Street seem to be thinking: 'This is not now a demonstration; it is a movement; like it or not it is here'.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

What Does Russia Want?

CLEARLY the West is not likely to have a concerted or sensible policy to take to a Summit conference until it has made up its several minds about Russian aims. This is the explanation of Mr Macmillan's visit to Moscow. Mr Krushchev himself has been writing numerous letters about his policy and lately even holding press conferences for Russian and foreign journalists just as if he was a western politician. By far the most important and informative of these was a long conversation he had last October with Walter Lippmann, the most level-headed of American commentators. This interview, which forms the basis of Mr Lippmann's latest book, *The Communist World and Ours* (Hamish Hamilton; 6s.), contains a number of important formulations by Krushchev, whose meaning Lippmann carefully probed. If, indeed, Macmillan and Eisenhower take the points made in this book as a fair summary of the Soviet outlook, they will go to the Summit with a much clearer idea of what Mr Krushchev wants and, conversely, what they should seek to get from him.

Early in the interview, Krushchev enunciated a proposition which is becoming increasingly common in semi-official Soviet utterances: the Russians want 'to relax tension on the basis of the *status quo*'. But what is the *status quo*? First, he means that (with the exception of China and Vietnam, where – unlike Korea and Germany – the differences between the two parts of the countries are 'internal') any change of frontiers by military force would be a violation of the *status quo*. But this is not all. His notion of the *status quo* is not that of the West. Marx said that a developing movement is more important than an existing state of affairs, and Mr K explains in his interview with Lippmann that the *status quo* is not static but dynamic. 'In his mind,' writes Mr Lippmann, 'the social and economic revolution now in progress in Russia, China and elsewhere in Asia, and Africa *is* the *status quo*, and he wants us to recognise it as such. In his mind, opposition to this revolution is an attempt to change the *status quo*.'

Mr Krushchev went on to express the fear that, if the US concludes that it is losing the Cold War, it will resort to a hot war. He is convinced that the Communist countries will in fact outdistance the West technologically and economically, with the result that the poorer countries will turn to it for help. Without accepting Krushchev's crude oversimplification of western attitudes, it is none the less clear that, if war is to be ruled out, the future depends on competition between East and West for the support of hundreds of millions of people in Asia and Africa who are in a dynamic not a static mood. Here, Mr Lippmann sees, the key is India. In the non-committed world, Mr Lippmann notes, the American error has often been in trying to link aid with military alliance, and in failing to realise that 'neutralism' may be an essential policy for many countries. He might have gone further. Gifts of money often do not benefit a country at all; if the regime is corrupt, foreign aid, as we saw in the case of Kuomintang China, may hasten collapse by merely aiding black-marketers and increasing hatred of the regime. American aid has not increased the standard of living of the masses in Siam or Iran or Pakistan. To be effective, foreign aid must be geared to a programme of reconstruction.

In countries where the reality of Communist rule is not known, Moscow begins without the handicap of a record of past imperialism. The Kremlin says, in effect, 'a generation ago we Russians were also a backward peasant people; we do not promise quickly to raise your standard of living but to help you, on cheaper terms than we got from the Americans in our first five-year plan, to make yourself strong and independent'. Thus Soviet aid appeals to revolutionary nationalism; American aid is commonly anti-revolutionary and anti-nationalist. The upshot is that Russia believes it can win the competition in Asia and Africa. Hence the importance to Krushchev of 'reducing tension', both in Europe – where Communism has, temporarily at least, lost the battle and is therefore anxious to freeze the 'immobile' *status quo* – and in Asia and Africa – where the Russians are eager to exploit what they believe to be their advantage in the 'revolutionary' *status quo* without provoking the Americans into hot war.

Finally, as to Europe, we may assume that there will be no serious discussions about unifying Germany in the near future. Mr. Lippmann is almost certainly right in deducing from the conversation with Krushchev that Russia will not agree to free negotiations by the two Germanys if West Germany is nuclear-armed. Whether Moscow has ever been ready to surrender East Germany in exchange for the demilitarisation of the whole country is now unimportant; Krushchev has now clearly decided to maintain a divided Germany. This does not, in fact, conflict with western views. Adenauer may pay lip service to united Germany, but he has strong political and economic objections to any attempt at unity with an anti-Catholic area where private enterprise has disappeared. De Gaulle is a fervent believer in unity within Little Europe – which may easily

'A lackey of reactionary feudalism, eh?'

develop into a modern version of the empire of Charlemagne; Charles de Gaulle will not be crowned at Aachen, but he, too, may play the role of leader of united Christian western Europe. Moreover, no Frenchman wants a Germany that outnumbers France.

It may be taken for granted that Mr K regards a nuclear-armed West Germany working within Nato as the greatest danger to Soviet security. He may be willing to discuss schemes for 'thinning out' or 'disengagement', if he is sure they do not weaken his position in eastern Europe. It is possible that he will accept a scheme of inspection in return for some form of disengagement.

In his interview with Mr Lippmann Mr K made a point which we have not before seen made by any of the Summit spokesmen. Americans, Mr K suggested, rely too much on West Germany. Today West Germany is vehemently anti-Soviet, but could Bonn be relied upon as a loyal part of Nato if Germany became independent and powerful? Might not Germany once again be tempted to follow the tradition of Bismarck, Rapallo and the Nazi-Soviet pact? Mr K only mentioned the fear of Russian power as a motive, but he might have added that German unity in the long run could conceivably be won without war if Germany were allied with the Soviet Union – but never as an ally of America.

From all this a few policy deductions may be safely made. We have to assume a period of restless world competition in which the chief prizes are India and Africa. To help India maintain her democratic position should be a first object to western policy. To allow the South African doctrine of racial superiority to spread would be to ensure Communist victory in Africa. Russia has no asset so powerful as the doctrine and practice of racial equality. Secondly, the West has much to gain, just as Russia has, by disengagement if the *status quo* in power is maintained in Europe; we too have everything to gain if our energy and resources are freed for the overseas competition with Communism in the non-committed countries.

Thirdly, and immediately, we have to assume that Russia's immediate object at the coming foreign ministers and Summit negotiations is to secure the recognition of East Germany. Once again the West has allowed itself to drift into a dangerous position because it has had no policy to cope with a changing situation. The world will agree with Mr Krushchev when he says in a recent press conference that 'the international climate can and must be cleared' and that conditions in Europe have reached a point when it is reasonable to revise the post-war settlement. If the Soviet Union plays its cards carefully it runs little risk of provoking war over Berlin. Nothing can prevent Russia withdrawing from East Germany and thus leaving the western Allies in Berlin under the practical necessity of having to work with the rulers of the state within which West Berlin is situated. The implications are obviously dangerous, since they include the legal rights of the western Allies in West Berlin. Mr K attempts to reduce the danger of a clash by denying any attempt to impose a time limit to the proposed changes and by promising that East Germany will not interfere with the Allies' free access to West Berlin. At a press conference on 20 March he agreed that the western Allies had equal rights in Berlin arising from Germany's surrender and added, after explaining that the time had come for the USSR to sign a treaty with East Germany, that he did not intend to upset West Berlin's 'way of life' and that is 'why, by agreement with the government of the German Democratic Republic, we propose that West Berlin should enjoy the status of a demilitarised free city'. It seems essential, if the West is not to suffer a humiliating diplomatic defeat, that its spokesman should have agreed upon a positive proposal of its own – such, for instance, as a United Nations status for Berlin – which it has thought out and can present to Russia at the Summit conference.

Thoughts on the Budget

WHILE Mr Heathcoat Amory is putting the final touches to his budget – and pondering whether cuts in purchase or income tax will make the better impact in marginal constituencies – the *Economic Survey* suggests that its main theme will be optimistic: spending and employment will go up. From the Tory point of view, things are going in the right direction. For the Tories know that the simple economic test which the electorate applies to a government today is its ability to avoid mass unemployment and to keep consumption rising. The voters, for the most part, care nothing about the cost of stagnation: they are unaware that, in the short run, it keeps output down, and that in the long run the failure to expand productive capacity may threaten both employment and living standards.

For this reason, when employment fell as a result of Tory economic policy, the public reaction – and that of the Treasury – was simply to stimulate consumption. The new road programme, for instance, which can be entered in the books as 'investment', is likely to increase purchasing power; but its contribution to production is merely a tithe of what could be achieved if £140m. were put into new factories and machinery. And, before that, credit policy had been relaxed to boost the buying of cars, washing machines and television sets; hire-purchase and mortgage facilities were made easier; the banks contributed the personal loan scheme.

Yet none of these changes had a substantial effect: they helped take up some of the slack in the economy, but they did nothing to induce expansion. So further measures are demanded: interest rates should be cut again, and the banks permitted to pump more money into the capital market. To reassure the foreign bankers – especially the men in Zurich who seem to have become the final arbiters of British economic policy – it is proposed that there should be an impressive cut in income tax: only in this way, it is said, can the 'spirit of adventure' be restored and our experts and managers induced not to emigrate. For, it is believed, a higher rate of profit, and increasing consumption, will adequately stimulate capital investment.

It is an article of faith with those who reason in this way that demand and supply will rise together, and that our balance of payments can carry the cost of the increased internal demand. Yet, in 1959, our payments surplus will be much more at the mercy of fluctuations in the terms of trade caused by foreign influences. If the revival continues in the US, or if the steady flow of credits and loans which has sustained the purchasing power of the primary producers dries up, our balance might worsen by as much as £200m. despite falling prices of food and raw materials. Indeed, the *Survey* envisages a fall of this order. We have, moreover, been running down stocks of imported goods. If that process is reversed, another £100m. must be added on the debit side of our trade accounts. It is quite possible for a currency crisis to develop, as it did in 1957, when exports are running comfortably above imports.

It is, therefore, all very well for Mr Amory to look for quick results from an easy budget. But a policy which does not come to grips with the real cause of our recurrent trade and currency difficulties will solve nothing but electoral problems. For it is not enough for the Labour Party to oppose this fly-by-night salesmanship with measures which are also designed merely to increase consumption – though, in this case, it is the consumption of pensioners, the sick and the poorer workers. Such a policy might help avoid too much pressure for wage increases. But, as the experience of the Attlee government showed, a policy of social justice coupled with wage restraint may be necessary for economic salvation but it certainly is not sufficient. To regard the present situation as one that calls merely for an exercise in Keynesian economics is to ignore the harsh lessons of the post-war years. Neither employment nor income can be maintained, let alone increased over the years, if the problem of productivity is not tackled.

The fact is that Tory policy is leading in the long term to economic suffocation. Britain has devoted less of the increase in productive power to investment than was needed merely to maintain our relative position in the world market. After an effort at post-war reconstruction which was second to none, we have steadily lost ground.

The attempt, since 1956, to offset wage-claims by increasing unemployment through dear money has been an abject failure. It ended economic growth and resulted in a fall of productivity. But it did not end wage-demands. Thus the long-run trend of our exports has been dismal. We have been reduced by Germany to the third place in exports in the world; and even in shipbuilding, an industry that has recently boasted of leading the world, we have been unable to increase our output, which has been outstripped by both Japan and Germany. Neither of these countries had a single shipyard left standing in 1950.

Nor is this all. Our relative power within the western world is ebbing away at the very moment when fuddled confusion in the US, both in economic and political matters, makes great demands of leadership upon Britain, which we are plainly not strong enough to fulfil. The problems raised by the simultaneous economic revolutions in Russia and China make the situation far worse. Russia seems bent on mechanising and automating production; and she is likely to make far more rapid gains than the capitalist countries through far-reaching standardisation in durable consumer goods. It is in these that the USSR can hope for the greatest superiority over its capitalist competitors, whose main problem remains to stimulate consumers' demand.

Admittedly a large part of the fruits of this increase in Russian productivity will go to reducing the working week: real wages will not rise in proportion to output, and consumer goods are to increase by only 50 per cent. over the years of the current plan. There is an obverse development which is, perhaps, equally menacing. Agricultural production in Russia is expected to rise less than industrial output. Productivity in agriculture in eight years is to increase only between 19 per cent. (meat) and 30 per cent. (grain). This means that, by the end of the period, industrial costs will be even more favourable relative to those in agriculture than they are now. Plainly, Russia is moving towards a situation in

which her relatively disadvantageous climate and soil resources will make her more and more into a potential industrial exporting nation.

An anxious question arises for Britain in this context: How long will the Russians refrain from making their relative industrial superiority felt in the world markets for manufactures? How long will they refrain from buying Argentine meat or Canadian wheat against sales of mass-produced durable consumer goods (rather than raw materials, such as tin, aluminium, platinum and oil products)? Given the immense difference in relative costs, the effects could be devastating to the manufacturing countries of the West.

The Chinese experiment is equally disturbing. Here we see the mobilisation of vast peasant masses for directly increasing investment by using the long spells of seasonal unemployment in primitive agriculture for productive public works. The consequential increases in productive power (and eventually consumption) seem prodigious in comparison with the effort of the so-called non-committed poor areas of the world, especially India, which try to industrialise themselves while maintaining democracy.

If the West is not to lose the race in these areas it must furnish a tremendous amount of help to them to catch up with China. For the situation in these under-developed countries is sombre. After a good start in the immediate post-war period they have been once more thrust back into the tribulations of the inter-war period by the fall in prices of the food and raw materials they export. Their losses on this account alone are far greater than the aid the US and the UK have hitherto granted them. Any stand Britain could make in this respect by taking the initiative in helping to stabilise prices and increasing aid to speed investment and development, necessary as it is, would represent a considerable further drain on our resources.

Is it already too late for Britain? If matters are as bad as they seem to be we might as well throw up the sponge and live well so long as comfort lasts. Yet despair is as unwarranted as complacency. The most remarkable fact about Britain is the marginal character of the readjustment required. If we had used only half of the windfall we received between 1952 and 1955 from the improvement in the terms of trade to buttress investment, if we had devoted the same portion of the increase in our production to the same purpose as we did between 1945 and 1951, our investment would already approach the German and Russian relative levels, and in all probability we should be able to increase real wages by an annual four or five per cent. without any threat to price stability.

The present productive capacity of the country could easily allow an increase of at least 10 per cent. in national output. This would be sufficient to double productive investment while, at the same time leaving almost half the increase for collective and individual consumption (and to meet a probable deterioration of our terms of trade). The opportunity is there. What is lacking is the clear realisation of the danger and of the ways in which it can be met.

What is the lesson of these considerations for the Chancellor?

The first task is to concentrate the utmost effort on increasing productive investment. To this effect the main charge on the future budget should be a decisive and discriminating increase in investment allowances. We must concentrate on increasing productive investment at all costs. The present heavy local unemployment must not blind us to this vital need.

Secondly, we must at all costs break the bottleneck in steel, machine tools and chemicals which have hitherto strangled all possibility of steady growth. The expansion of facilities must be undertaken or guaranteed by the government if investment allowances do not prove effective. This, and not increases in consumption, should initiate recovery: consumption will then rise with increased employment.

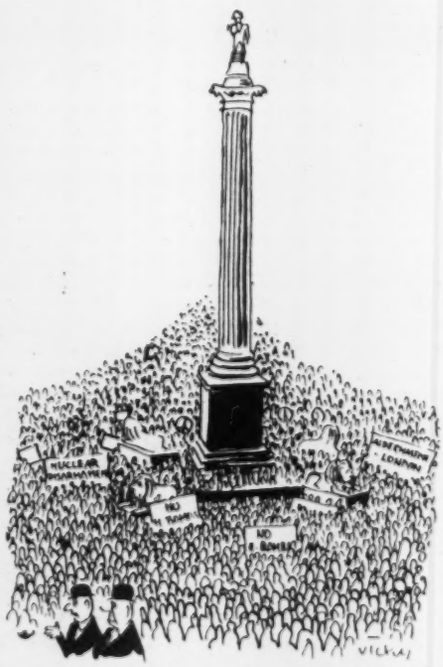
Thirdly, and finally, self-discipline is needed from both sides of industry. Thoughtless concessions to the better-to-do by way of tax reduction would be fatal in this respect, as it must provoke wage demands. Equality in effort and sacrifice is needed. We must, in Mr. Wilson's sharp phrase, stop eating the seed corn. Tax reduction likely to stimulate consumption ought to be strictly limited, and used only where it is most likely to stimulate effort.

After a temporary sacrifice there is no doubt that the outlook for Britain would change: consumption would grow without endangering growth and we should have a reserve to fall back upon if the Communist challenge sharpened. We should have dealt simultaneously with the twin problems of inflation and the foreign balance, both of which have proved intractable under Labour and Tory governments.

THOMAS BALOGH

London Diary

IT was a surprising experience. The nuclear marchers did not arrive in Trafalgar Square a rather tired and bedraggled procession of two or three thousand, but as a cheerful and well disciplined army of 15,000 or more. We met, not an indifferent or hostile Bank Holiday crowd, but a host of mainly friendly and encouraging faces. The band in front, playing unexpected tunes like *Onward, Christian Soldiers* and *John Peel* certainly helped, and the excellent youth singers provided the campaign with memorable songs. Report came in that Trafalgar Square would contain only a bunch of Empire Loyalists or the like. In fact, to our astonishment, it was already so full of cheering, friendly people when we got there that there seemed no room for the marchers even to get near the plinth. Coming into London I listened particularly for hostile comment. One man shouted, 'You ought to have your heads tested, silly sods!' Another accosted John Collins at the head of the column, and said he was 'a disgrace to his cloth'; it was shameful for a Canon to be 'seen in such company'. This, I thought, was scarcely polite to Benn Levy, who looked as respectable as Moses, on one side of him, and Jacquetta Hawkes, on the other, who, in a blue costume and gondolier's hat, looked impeccably correct and marched like a guardsman. The majority of the marchers must have been in their early twenties. Some people assume from a sprinkling of comic costumes that these young men and women were not serious. In fact, no one marches 53 miles on high roads just for fun, and some people like to put on comic hats on holiday. As for short jeans, duffle coats and the like, and what we used to call sand shoes on the feet – these have become an adolescent uniform for off-duty days, just as pin-point heels are the foolish fashion of town wear. The vast majority of marchers were quite ordinary young men and women, serious, politically minded and indistinguishably working and middle class.



'Thank goodness there are no more causes for people to get worked up about'

* * *

The problem is the leadership of this generation. When I remember the Nye Bevan of a few years ago I can hardly believe that he could let such an opportunity pass. There were loud cries for Michael Foot; tired though he was, he responded with a rousing speech. The politically most important speech came unexpectedly from Bob Willis, this year's chairman of the TUC. He did not, of course, commit himself to unilateralism, but by going on to the platform and emphasising that Labour stood for the unilateral banning of tests and opposition to missile sites, he did the best job he could for Mr Gaitskell. Frank Cousins also showed his colours by taking part in the last stage of the march. If some of the big unions swing round into support – three of the smaller ones have already identified themselves with the Campaign – then Canon Collins and his colleagues will have made an important political impact. The Campaign's primary job is to convert the leadership of the trade union and Labour movement by showing that it commands enough votes to matter. The leaders of the Labour Party know that youth must be served.

* * *

The Labour Party can be pleased with the Norfolk result: for one thing, it shows that the abolition of the restrictions on cars need not cost Labour seats even in scattered rural areas. It also seems to make an election this spring less likely. But forecasting seems more risky than ever, because the number of 'don't knows' and local variations in employment have turned the electoral picture into a psephologist's nightmare. I learn, for instance, that the *News Chronicle* Gallup Poll has related the loss of Conservative votes between May 1955 and March 1959 with the unemployment statistics. In Harrow, where unemployment is less than one per cent., the Tory vote dropped by 0.9 per cent. In Belfast, the vote was down by 9.7 per cent.: local unemployment is running at about the same level. Nationally, the Poll shows the Tories down by 2.1 per cent. from 1955, and the national rate of unemployment is 2.7 per cent. It is anybody's guess how this arithmetical coincidence applies in marginal constituencies. I agree with the cynic who says that the weather on election night, and the TV programmes that happen to be on may make more difference to the

result than all the campaigning both parties have done in the past four years.

* * *

On another page is the article from a pamphlet on *Getting Married,* which the British Medical Association, having sold a quarter of a million copies, then decided that nobody really ought to see. One of Dr Chesser's main points is the simple one that, except for those with strong moral sense, contraception is eliminating the social problems of unchastity. He faces this fact without either horror or condonation; and then, it seems to me, he preaches a simple homily on a practical code of conduct for our generation, instead of on one that everybody knows is now mainly confined to sermons. After all, what is commonly called morality, as Havelock Ellis got into trouble for saying, is 'simply blind obedience to words of command'.

* * *

If you believe what people tell you, quite a lot of *NS* readers first study the classified advertisement pages at the back of this journal before attempting its more exacting articles and reviews. This week they are in for a surprise. On the back page we publish the first of a series of drawings by John Jensen, a young Australian – still under 30 – who has been a professional cartoonist since he was 17. His hero (if that is the right word), Fred Id, will reflect some typical social attitudes – often contradictory – which add up to the portrait of a pretty familiar person: the fairly intelligent so-called 'normal' human being of our time. Since he first began evolving creatures like Fred, Jensen has undergone 2½-years' group psychiatric treatment to get his assorted devils in perspective. (The National Health Service paid.) In his tangled way Fred Id may be as much a symbol of our age as Jane in the *Daily Mirror.* But he will, of course, not achieve the same public recognition: all Fred will be laying bare is his mind.

* * *

So many people confused Russell, 3rd Earl, with Russell, 2nd Baron, that the pair of them wrote a joint letter to *The Times* declaring that neither was the other; and many years ago Winston Churchill, the London author, presented his compliments to Winston Churchill, the United States author, and declared that to avoid future confusion, he, of London, would sign his books and articles Winston S. Churchill. Such confusion should not arise between Robins, 1st Baron and Robbins, Life Peer, but it did arise in our columns last week and we apologise to both. In future we will watch the b's.

* * *

I have often watched the netball teams in Lincoln's Inn Fields playing to the lunch-time crowd. But, the other day, I noticed that the netball square was almost deserted: the strollers in the sunshine were lining the picket fence round one of the patches where the park-keepers are growing new grass. At first I could not see what they were watching, for there were too many heads in the way. Then I noticed the pigeons, which had settled in a tight group, and were hopping and turning in unison like a drill-squad. There seemed to be no good reason for this curious display. I had not seen the cat about 30 yards away, neatly circling the pigeons like a good sheep-dog. It made no attempt to spring, the pigeons did not fly away, the onlookers stood silently in the sun. Somewhere a clock chimed two. The clerks and typists turned reluctantly away. The cat lay down and went to sleep. The pigeons took wing.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Mr. Ian Marshall, proposer for Wandsworth, said he was very much against homosexuality. He said it was humiliating enough to see men and women arm in arm in public without having to come across men doing likewise. – *South London Advertiser.* (D. A. N. Jones.)

I consider there are three contributory causes for the behaviour of the teenagers, including the teddy boy thugs of the present age. First there is the so-called hot music, played by people who appear to be suffering from St Vitus's dance; secondly, the rock 'n' roll dancing parties; and thirdly, the disgusting picture post card business. – Letter in *East Essex Gazette.* (David Jary.)

Mr C. E. Poole: We should have a public convenience irrespective of who is going to use it. It is a sign of civilisation to have one in a village. And why should people have to continue taking risks by nipping over the hedges with the law of indecent exposure being what it is? – *Surrey Times.* (J. D. Booker.)

Dead Men Leading

PROBABLY no powerful country in history has had quite so dead a government as the United States has today. It is not just a matter of the infirmities of its two principal figures – President Eisenhower and John Foster Dulles. Apart from the decrepitude of the one and the fatal illness of the other, the government itself is scarcely operative. The regime they so fittingly symbolise is over and done with, even though, notionally, it must linger on for another two years. This melancholy situation was dramatised on television, which showed, first an empty hospital room; then Dulles, in a dressing-gown, entering left, to be met by Eisenhower and Macmillan entering right. It was as macabre a tableau as I have ever seen.

This does not mean, of course, that the Eisenhower regime as such is unpopular. Most experts agree that if their poor meandering old President were to submit himself for election again (which he won't and constitutionally can't), he would have a good chance of being re-elected. In other words, the benign and platitudinous immobilism which he represents is congenial to many Americans. Consciously or subconsciously, they are aware of forces making for disruption and change, which they want to disregard. Like a man in a cold bath, their impulse is to keep perfectly still.

I watched Eisenhower on television just before Macmillan's arrival. He looked like some kindly Church Elder reading out a sermon in so benevolent and unemphatic a manner that even references to the wrath of God and the Day of Judgment lost their sting. He tackled the sentences in terms of words rather than of meaning. The effort of just reading seemed to exhaust all his energies, leaving none to convey, or even grasp, what was signified. It was a touching, if pitiable, performance. In the light of it, I doubt whether Eisenhower had more than the haziest notion of what Macmillan was talking about when they met at Camp David. This, Macmillan would scarcely have noticed. High-level tourism of the kind in which he has recently been engaging is liable to put politicians into a highly euphoric condition. It takes them, metaphorically speaking, on to the flying Island of Laputa.

Though it is true that Eisenhower's immobilism and old-boyish grin suit the present American mood better than might be supposed, it is also true that beneath the surface another mood and other attitudes are shaping themselves. Truman represented the sunset or after-glow of the New Deal. Then came, under Eisenhower, the full reaction against everything Roosevelt had represented; against the ferment of the war, and the burden and responsibilities of world leadership which followed. It has been, with all its ostensible international tension, a period of quiescence. It began with the liquidation of the Korean War; its only doctrine has been that of containment. Apart from an occasional aimless spurt like landing marines in Lebanon, under Eisenhower America has taken no initiative anywhere on anything.

The cars and the steaks have got bigger; appropriations for foreign aid have somehow been procured from Congress, and the money duly dispatched to the same old customers. A huge slice of the national revenue has been thrown to the three services, and, with such energies as remain after they have fought over its division, devoted to increasing America's atomic might. Under Eisenhower, America has been asleep – its slumbers disturbed, it is true, by the grisly, though passing, nightmare of McCarthyism, and by intimations of atomic war; but sleeping, the night-light comfortingly burning, and the two old nannies keeping watch, one of them, Eisenhower, frequently dozing himself, but the other, Dulles, ever vigilant to protect his charge.

This is why the probable removal of Dulles from the political scene has come as such a shock, even to those Americans to whom his conduct of United States foreign policy has been anathema. He is all they have got. His views may be narrow and mistaken, but no one else in the administration has any views at all. When a Summit conference is envisaged, the prospect of Eisenhower's having to confront Krushchev appals. He is just not up to it. Dulles could at least be relied on to be obstinate. He would put up a show. His conviction that Communism is the devil's work, which it is America's destiny to frustrate, matches Krushchev's conviction that the walls of capitalism must fall, and that it is Russia's destiny to bring them down. Without Dulles to pump them in, the President, it is felt, will have no convictions at all.

Despite this total vacuity at the top, in the remoter limbs a certain uneasy twitching is discernible. For instance, the torpor which has for some years past settled upon American intellectual life shows signs of passing. And quite a number of the old familiar wheel-horses on Capitol Hill have disappeared, to be replaced by new and more animated faces. Of these, the most significant, in my opinion, is Senator Hubert Humphrey, with whom I had a long talk. He is a little difficult to place. Generically, he belongs to the left. Though a Democrat with avowed presidential aspirations, he has committed himself on the Civil Rights question to the point that he can never hope to have the support of the southern States. At the same time, he is highly critical of the economies Eisenhower has made in armament expenditure with a view to trying to balance the budget. He is also, especially after the eight hours he spent with Krushchev, contemptuous of any purely 'diplomatic' effort to reach agreement with the Russians such as Macmillan envisages. His mind is sharp, realistic, adventurous.

I liked him. People say he talks too much. He does talk quite a lot, but sensibly and

stimulatingly. Unlike Stevenson, he is poor and of lowly origins; unlike Kennedy (another aspirant for the Democratic nomination) his appearance, in the flesh and on television, bears no approximation to the standardised American hero. No grin, no crew-cut, but a rather harsh, questing face with an equivalent voice.

Whether or not Humphrey has any chance of getting the Democratic nomination two years hence, his way of looking at things is likely to gain increasing support. The party machine may well play for safety, and, for a presidential election which it has every chance of winning, choose a candidate like Symington who has antagonised nobody. Even so, the stirring exists – a vague, or even strident, dissatisfaction with the way things are going – or rather not going; a sense that American wealth and American power ought to tell more than they do in helping the world towards some sort of stability and security, and that, both in Germany and in Formosa, the United States has got committed to the defence of indefensible positions. In other words, a sense of total frustration. After all, the simple, devastating position is that the only action America can take against Russia in any conceivable major clash of interests anywhere in the world is to start an atomic war, which, in fact, only a tiny handful of Americans are prepared to envisage.

The great puzzle about America to me has always been the contrast between its amazing economic vitality and its cumbersome government and administration. Senatorial minds moved so slowly, and the traffic so fast; there was so much energy and initiative in factories and offices and farms, so little in the State Department. Never has this contrast been so marked as it is today, when, to all intents and purposes, there is no government. Everything's at sea except the fleet, Horace Walpole dolefully remarked. In America everything seems to work except the administration. And yet, perhaps precisely because, under Eisenhower, a kind of *reductio ad absurdum* has been reached, I have a strong feeling that another bout of life is due in Washington. Of all the impressions I formed in trailing round after Macmillan on his bizarre and somewhat woeful pilgrimage, on his diplomatic Stations of the Cross, this was the strongest.

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

Is Chastity Outmoded?

(This article first appeared in the BMA pamphlet Getting Married, *now withdrawn from circulation)*

ONE woman in every three at the present time in this country admits to premarital intercourse. One in 20 of all births are known to be illegitimate. One in eight births would have been illegitimate but for the subsequent marriage of the parents. One in six of all babies are conceived ahead of marriage or right out of wedlock.

Do these figures mean that chastity is outmoded? I doubt it. But it cannot be denied that we are moving in that direction. This is no argument against chastity. Nor does it get us nearer to deciding whether or not premarital intercourse is a good or a bad thing, either for the individual or for society. We cannot justify premarital intercourse simply because we know it to be practised any more than we can justify the practice of cheating. And who hasn't cheated? To condone human frailty, if frailty it be, is one thing. To encourage it is quite another.

Principles should not be sacrificed to expediency. But are we so sure of the principle? The risk of pregnancy alone cannot make a principle. Remove the fear of pregnancy from premarital intercourse and how chaste would we be? The problem would then belong more to the individual than to society, and it would present mental and psychological questions, rather than moral ones.

But let's get the picture clear. The sex act, as the expression and part of a total relationship, such as we assume to exist in marriage, can give the greatest satisfaction that man can experience. It can far transcend mere genital excitation and orgasm. It may, for all too brief a moment, unite us with the cosmos itself.

But pre-marital sexual intercourse, despite the fact that it is a limited relationship, can also be more than ordinarily pleasant. Nature is not concerned with chastity. On the contrary she is only concerned with reproduction. So long as she attains her end, she couldn't care less as to how and when. It is man who interferes with Nature, not Nature with man.

The urge to mate exists long before we are fitted for marriage. The individual feels the need to satisfy his sexual desire and, without any religious and social taboos, this question of right and wrong might not arise. And there would be little cause for a sense of resultant guilt and shame.

Herein lies the dilemma. Does the individual owe his allegiance to his own nature or to society? The answer is neither to one nor to the other, but to both. The individual could not exist without society any more than society could exist without the individual. If left alone, we should perish miserably within the first few days of birth.

But before going further, let us look a little more closely into this question of chastity. In my opinion the coming together of two people on the sexual plane, whether within or without the framework of a marriage, is immoral unless it be the expression of deep and lasting genuine relationship, one which presupposes the acceptance of each as they really are and not as they would like or think they ought to be.

Unless the relationship is of this nature it is unchaste, since each, unbeknown to the other, would be using his partner merely for personal satisfaction. Individual differences, sexual and otherwise, can make relationships easier or more difficult, but this cannot be regarded as the yardstick of our sexual—or any other—morality.

It is of course true that the sexes are complementary, at the lowest level, in the sense that each has got something that the other wants. If this be made the basis of marriage or, indeed, of true friendship, the relationship is debased. In a spiritual sense, man can only be judged on his personal integrity. When we enter into marriage for what we can get out of it for ourselves, and use our sexuality as a kind of currency to attain our objective—then we must lose our integrity.

Premarital intercourse entered into with the knowledge that each is seeking his own gratification is at least honest. Possibly more so than intercourse in marriage, when genital aims are sometimes attained through the guise of friendship and love. The question of the value of chastity becomes more intriguing when we remind ourselves of the existence of the double standard of morality. This has up till now been based on the functional differences between the sexes. For the dominant male was not slow to seize on this to justify throwing chastity overboard for himself, while insisting on it for his womenfolk.

But with the advent of female emancipation, with all that it implies, the functional differences have lost much of their meaning. Sexual equality then became not only a possibility, but a reality. Logically, this is very understandable, and if we lived our lives by logic alone, all might be well. But we do not live our lives by logic alone. Psychological and spiritual factors also play a part in our sexuality, and in the living of our lives. The community depends for its well-being on a combination of individual and independent expression, with the ability to conform to the social pattern. Having said all this, it would be difficult to deny that society has perpetrated on mankind the greatest hoax ever.

From our early years, we are made to feel that the pleasures of the body are in themselves evil and sinful—something of which to feel guilty and ashamed. At this expense, we extol the mind, together with the will and the ability to inhibit our sexual urge, until such time as we have entered into a blind date with marriage. I say a blind date with marriage, since we are literally blinded by romantic illusion, which potent force assails us from every possible direction.

We are made to believe that being in love, in other words being sexually attracted, is the one requisite for marriage. Enforced chastity heightens this illusion. By the kind permission of society, we are allowed to lose our chastity when married. All too often events prove this to be too little and too late. Nature has created a unity of our bodies and minds and society attempts to destroy this by working in exactly the opposite direction. Small wonder that the young, and indeed the not so young, find it difficult to accept and so to conform.

They can be forgiven for rebelling against a social and moral order which pays little regard to natural propensities and even less still to individual differences. For no two individuals are alike, each has his own unique make-up which demands appropriate expression. As a result, some, perhaps the majority, find it relatively easy and harmless to conform to conventional restrictions on their sexual behaviour. Others, the minority, find it difficult and harmful.

Where is our much-vaunted tolerance? What about the rights of minorities? Surely the individual citizen should have the right to choose between being chaste or unchaste, always assuming this is not detrimental to the society of which he is part.

The question of pregnancy and the child born out of wedlock has been, very rightly, the concern of the larger community. But would society have a leg to stand on, if there were fool-proof contraception? Freed of preconceived ideas and prejudices, the answer must be 'No'. But the answer is not a simple one. Nature herself refuses to be easily thwarted like this. You can remove the possibility of pregnancy, but you cannot remove the strong biological urge to become pregnant and to know the state of motherhood. This is not always clearly felt on the conscious plane, but that does not deny its existence. Moreover, it explains why sexual intercourse means one thing to the man and another to the woman. It also explains why premarital intercourse so often means little to the boy but much to the girl.

It is not the conscious fear of pregnancy which keeps us chaste. It is the unconscious fear of frustrating maternal instinct. Just as individuals differ, so do the sexes. For the woman the sex act

Schweppshire Guide to public speaking

No. 2 HOW TO SHOW THAT YOU ARE REALLY ONE OF THEM

If you were once head prefect at Marlbury, you probably followed that up by being O.C. of that rather amusing gang who dealt with Ack and Quack for the "Old Inveterates" during the war. Afterwards, it was perfectly natural to find oneself running Re-treads Ltd., though this was only a stepping-stone to the Managing Directorship of Crispcheese.

But although and indeed because Managing Directorship is born in one, it is essential, during bi-monthly talks to staff, to make it perfectly clear that you are really precisely the same as them, and though somebody must draw the job of Director out of the bran tub, that this is not going to be made an excuse for throwing about one's weight, in fact that is precisely what one has no intention of doing, on the contrary one is pretty well asking advice, as it were, and, providing everybody has the eye on the ball, and is pulling the oar at the right sort of moment, one is asking for opinions, really, because that is the way any decent business is run, and the Yes—sir—no—sir approach never set the Thames on fire, and anyhow one's job is not simply to please the shareholders, and one is glad of having the opportunity for this chat, because one probably thinks of one as Stiff Shirt whereas in fact one is not only pretty keen on games but on Hitchcock films as well, besides being interested in the English Opera Group, and in fact one is quite as young basically, if not slightly more so, than you are or can ever hope to be.

Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

is seldom an end in itself, but almost always a means to an end. That is why chastity has little to fear from freedom, but much to fear from the frustration I have tried to describe in this article.

It is this fact that society has completely failed to appreciate. And a shocking price has been and is being paid for its unforgivable hypocrisy. For, despite much social progress, anxiety and tension, sexual and other problems of human relationships, crime and delinquency, continue to bedevil society, as anyone at all in touch with the events of today must realise for himself. And these very problems of human relationships are in no small part explained by the attempted enforcement of chastity in our society.

True chastity can only come from within ourselves, which means that it is we who must be free to make the choice. My belief is that, given such conditions, there would be more chastity, not less, and that such a condition would eliminate many of the problems of our civilisation.

EUSTACE CHESSER

True White Man

THE kitchen was cool and shadowy; the earth-floor, dark red and glowing like spilled blood, tramped and polished by the bare feet of generations of servants. Above our heads the great beams curved in darkness, and the whitewashed walls were ghostly. Only round the fire was there light; flames creeping like reluctant flowers out of the dried dung cakes. And every flame glittered like cat's-eyes on my father's chains.

He sat very easy and careless between the policemen, his hands held together by the steel bracelets, his legs shackled. Even half sleeping, the muscles on his arms swelled like great tree-branches. Red beard, blue eyes like splinters of the sky, shoulders broader even than my grandpa's. Chained and all as he was, and their guns in their laps, I wondered how the policemen dared sit by him. They looked so small.

Beyond the policemen, holding the Bible on his knees so that the pages would catch the firelight, grandpa was reading. 'Ah, Absalom, my son, my son,' his voice hard as iron, and yet shaking a little, the way it would when he'd tell me that he was going to whip me, to drive my father's devil out of me. Against my will I peeped sideways, to where the sjambok hung behind the great door of the kitchen, sleek and black and supple, like a mamba. I imagined God like that; a great, sleeping sjambok coiled across the sky and waking suddenly to strike the wicked in the fatness of their flesh and the fullness of pride. I began to cry from fear, and my father stirred in the great chair so that the chains clinked softly in his lap. I thought he was going to ask for me to be sent to bed again, and I stopped crying by catching my lip in my teeth and biting till it hurt.

In the far corner by the stove Tante Soekie was making coffee. Now and then the coffee water bubbled over and hissed on the hot iron like souls in hell, and a long way away, beyond the stables, I could hear Jim hammering a wheel rim onto the Cape cart. It was Jim who had told the policeman that my father was coming down from the kopje above the farm. And I looked at the sjambok and thought of how one day I would take it and tie Jim to a tree and flog him for that until his black, kaffir's back fell to red pieces. A kaffir to do that. I thought that my grandfather would shoot him on the spot, but instead he had just bowed his head and said 'God's will be done.' How I hated God.

I crept very softly over to the corner to be beside Tante Soekie. She was almost pure Hottentot, and very fat, and she loved my father as if he were her own son. It was she that called him the Lion of the Karoo first, when he left the farm after a quarrel with grandpa, and began raiding sheep to live. 'Ag,' she had said one night, when a neighbour had been in screaming at grandpa about six sheep, 'Ag, the young baas is become a lion, a true white man like in the old days.'

Tante Soekie spoke a lot about 'true white men' because her great-grandfather was a Retief, and rode with Pretorius on the Great Trek. It was she, even more than my grandfather, who taught me how a white man should be. A king, a lion. Not like the city people who are half kaffirs. But my grandfather was too soft. When he heard that my father had killed the coolie shopkeeper in Melkdorp he went specially to Predikant de Witt and had it read out in the Kerk at Nagmaal that he had no son any longer. Only a grandson. And all the heads of the women in their white kappjes rustled as they looked at me, and I wanted to get up and scream at them what Tante Soekie said; 'My father is a lion, a king. Even the kaffirs call him the Lion.'

And now he was caught. And for a few pints of water and some mealie cobs. For three years the drought had been closing on the Karoo. The farm had died section by section. First the cattle pastures down by the dried river bed. Then the mealie-lands. You could see the red earth blow away on the wind. And at last the sheep. I'd lie awake at nights thinking of my father far out in the desert lands of the Karoo, dying like the sheep, his tongue all swollen and his eyes bursting out of their sockets, until I'd have to get out of bed and go to Tante Soekie, where she was sleeping beside the kitchen fire. I'd crawl in beside her and wake her up, and she'd whisper me to sleep with stories about my father. About how ten policemen and twenty of the young men from round had formed a commando to hunt him down, and he had led them deeper and deeper into the Karoo until not God himself could have got them out. But he had led them out again, laughing at them from behind rocks for three days and nights, until they thought it was the Devil rather than my father. There were a hundred stories, and I would fall asleep in Tante Soekie's fat yellow arms, and dream that I was a grown man, and like my father.

It was after the drought had lain on us two years that my father first came back. I was with Tante Soekie and half asleep already when he came. One moment there was only Tante Soekie's voice, whispering about him; and then he himself was there. I thought it was a dream at first. The great head, and the beard like dark fire, bending over me. I think I was going to scream, but he slid his huge, hard hand over my mouth.

'Hush, little one,' he whispered. 'How is he, Tante? Growing strong, the young lion-cub?' Lion-cub! I thought my heart would burst with the pride.

'My own baasie, my baby,' said Tante Soekie, and for that moment in the firelight she looked almost beautiful as she held up her yellow hands to my father's cheeks. And his face was so burned with the wind and the sun that it was darker than her hands.

'Water, my Tante,' said my father. 'And biltong and a sack of mealies if you can take it without my father knowing.' And for the five minutes that it took her to fill the goatskin and fetch the dried meat and the sack of corn from the store-room, he sat with me by the fire, and told me how he had a cave far away in the depths of the Karoo, and a ground squirrel that he had tamed and taught to do tricks.

'Bring me there,' I begged him. 'I'll make the fires for you, and watch for your enemies, and fetch water. . . .'

'There is no water, little lion-cub,' he said 'That's why I have come here.' And then Tante Soekie brought the stores and he was gone, leaving me begging.

He came often after that, as the drought hardened. And once he brought the squirrel. It sat in his hand and when he lifted it up it caught at his beard with its two front paws and took a mealie grain from between his lips. I've often tamed ground-squirrels since then, but I could never get one to do that.

After a while the policemen seemed to know that he was coming back to the farm for stores, and they began watching. Maybe they'd come by at six in the evening, and ask to stop the night, and they'd question Tante Soekie again and again and again. Once they started to ask me questions too, but they saw my grandfather's face and stopped. And all they got from Tante Soekie was that she was just a poor Hottentot Auntie, and what would she know about white men's doings? Would the baasies like some confyt with their coffee? They always would, because Tante Soekie's confyt was famous for a hundred miles round.

The next time my father came she warned him, and for a long time he stayed away. But the drought got worse and there was no one in the world but Tante Soekie he could turn to, and he came again. And that time the policemen were hiding secretly down in the dead pasture lands, and Jim saw my father coming down from the kopje behind the farm and stole to the policemen's camp to tell them. Maybe they had bribed Jim to do that, if ever he saw him.

My father was drinking water when they came. He had taken the great red earthenware pitcher from Tante Soekie's hands and was tilting it to his mouth when the door swung softly open and I saw the gleam of the firelight on their polished belts and their guns.

'Father,' I screamed, 'the policemen,' and he turned and flung the jug as if it was a mealie-cob. It struck one of the policemen in the face and knocked him back through the doorway, but there were four more of them, and they had guns. My father looked at me, and then at the policemen, and held out his hands for the handcuffs.

'If the child wasn't here it would have gone differently,' he said. And then my grandfather came, in his white nightgown, with his rifle cocked, but he didn't point it at the policemen as I hoped he would. He pointed it at my father.

'Thou shalt not kill,' said my grandfather in a terrible voice. 'And if thine eye offend thee, pluck it out.' It was then that he spoke to Jim. He saw him hovering like a shadow of treachery behind the policemen, and he seemed to know that it was Jim who had brought them there.

'Was it you?' he said. Jim just rolled his eyes and shivered, but instead of striking him, my grandfather bowed his head as I've told you and said, 'God's will be done.' And then he told Jim to ready the Cape cart for the morning.

I never slept that night. Now and then Tante Soekie would make more coffee and throw more dung cakes on the fire; and every few minutes my grandfather would turn a fresh page of the Bible, his lips moving, but whispering the words too softly for me to hear any longer. And I didn't want to hear. I only wanted to go close to my father and put my forehead against his hands. But

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I didn't dare. And the moon shadows grew long across the floor, and vanished, and slowly the daylight came, like a sick man waking. The policemen stretched and yawned, and Tante Soekie made breakfast for everyone. But I couldn't eat. And when breakfast was done they went.

My grandfather and the policemen never looked at me, but my father touched my head with his two chained hands and smiled. 'Goodbye little lion cub,' he said. 'Remember me.'

Tante Soekie brought me up to the top of the kopje to see them go, my father sitting chained in the back of the Cape cart among the policemen, and Jim driving, with my grandfather in his Nagmaal suit and black hat beside him.

'Wave to him,' said Tante Soekie, weeping. 'We will never see him again.' But I couldn't wave. I couldn't even look. I turned instead to look at the shimmering distances of the Karoo, sand and thorn and burning rock and freedom, where my father had been a king, a lion, a true white man.

BRIAN CLEEVE

The Arts and Entertainment

Poussin at Dulwich

POUSSIN is now unfashionable. But his influence has been large – and often disastrous: history pictures like the last scenes of pantomimes, outdated myths functioning as euphemisms, the Classic as the holiday land of the privileged – all this and a good deal else that still clutter up nineteenth-century museums and minds can be laid at Poussin's door. And yet, ever since his death in 1665, Poussin has also been recognised as a supreme master by most revolutionary painters, and today he still remains a crucial figure if we are to understand the future possibilities of our own art. How does this apparent contradiction arise? One can only get to the bottom of it by studying the paintings.

At Dulwich Art Gallery there are six Poussin canvases, and I recommend the reader to go there and study them under ideal conditions – it is quiet, the rooms are small and well-lit and one can think without being disturbed. And strange as it may seem, here – not in the endless volumes put out by the Museums of Modern Art – is the clue to all the best works created since Cézanne.

Take a picture like the *Nurture of Jupiter*. Are we still interested in a child god being suckled by a goat, in bees that made special honey for him and in Cretan nymphs? Hardly. Was even Poussin as interested as is often thought? A nymph, the Virgin Mary, a spectator of David's triumph over Goliath – each has the same face. So why are we moved? By the purely formal design? If that were so, we would be moved in the same way by, say, a Byzantine mosaic. Clearly we are not. No. In fact, it is here that we come to the first discovery: that in Poussin – and actually, though less obviously, in all art which survives its period – there is something between form and content arbitrarily divided: there is the way of looking at the world, the artist's method of selection, which the work in its entirety expresses and which is more profound than either its subject matter of its formal organisation.

Poussin offers us the world as an impossibly honest trader. Everything on show is declared and defined without the slightest ambiguity. One can see on what every foot stands, what every finger touches. Compare his large tree with the trees in Claude next door. Claude's are far truer to the confusion of appearances as they normally strike us. In the Poussin the leaves are as defined as those of a book. Yet this clarity is not a question of fussy accuracy. On the contrary Poussin painted broadly and simply – the surface of his painted flesh like that of water running shallowly and imperceptibly over a perfectly smooth pebble. His clarity is the result of order. Nothing in his figure paintings (his late landscapes are different) has been snatched from chaos or temporarily rescued from mystery. The wind blows in the right direction to furl the striding nymph's golden dress so that it becomes a precise extension of and variation on her own movement. The reeds break, and point like arrows to the focal centre of the scene. The sitting nymph's foot forms a perfect ten-toed fan with the foot of the child.

Yet why, then, is the picture not completely artificial? For two reasons. First, because Poussin's intensely sensuous vision of the human body forced him – as true sensuousness, as opposed to vicarious eroticism, must always do – to recognise the nature of physical human energy. His figures move with the same inevitability as water finds its own level, and consequently they transcend their rhetorical gestures. A man, after all, lifts his arm to stop a bus in the same way as he might wave to greet the spirit of a poet on Parnassus. And in this painting the kneeling foster-father could be wringing out a wet towel just as well as holding the head of the goat between his legs. Secondly, because the scene, given its arrangement, is still *visually* true. For example, the deep velvet blue of the sitting nymph's robe, the pale aquamarine dress of the nymph on the rocks and then the sudden porcelain blue of the sky behind the hills – these blues, in a cereal-coloured landscape, clash, welcome, correspond and set up distances between themselves just as blues can do on Boat Race day.

And so we think: this is not another world, nor is it even a stage fantasy. Here the aspect of a shoulder or a breast is like the voice of an actress delivering Racine's words: we have seen and heard them in different situations. This is simply the world ordered beyond any previous imagining.

Which brings us to the crux of the matter and the second discovery. Poussin's sense of order added up to something more than an impeccable sense of composition – as we now use the term. Compare the studio works or the copies at Dulwich with the artist's own works. On the canvas they are sometimes just as well arranged or composed. But only on the canvas. The shapes and colours and lines are ordered. But not the scene itself. In front of a Poussin one feels that he brought order to the slice of life he was painting before he even picked up a brush: that he posed his whole subject, as he might have posed a single model: that his power to organise didn't just derive from the act of painting, but from his whole attitude to life itself. It is by this that we are elated. A Poussin is not simply evidence that a master can control his medium: it is evidence that a man has believed that man can control his fate. We have the same sense of elation in front of Renaissance artists like Piero, Mantegna, and to some extent Raphael, who was Poussin's own star. But because Poussin was working a century later and painting had become very much more complex, Poussin's expression of order was wider in scope. In front of a Piero we see, as it were, the blueprint of an ordered world; in front of a Poussin we see velvet, metal, flesh and the time of day all far more tangibly under control.

And now how can one explain this historically? I suspect the full explanation will upset a good many apple-carts, for clearly Poussin was simultaneously both a very reactionary and a very revolutionary artist. He was reactionary because for his subjects and for his examples – classical sculpture and the works of the mid-Renaissance – he looked backwards, and also because probably his sense of order derived from, and was sustained by, the absolutism of the France of Louis XIII and XIV. One has only to compare him to his contemporaries, such as Rembrandt, Velasquez or Galileo, to see how far he stood apart from the new subjects, the new problems and the progressive possibilities of his time.

He was a revolutionary artist, not only because his work was supremely rational – and consequently was to inspire the revolutionary classicism of David – but even more profoundly, because his determination to demonstrate the possibility of man controlling his fate and environment made his art the solitary link, in this respect, between the two periods when such a control could generally be believed in: the Renaissance and our own century. Between Poussin and Cézanne there were many works of genius, but none of them suggest an order imposed upon nature before the act of painting. Which is why Cézanne knew he had to go back to Poussin in order to continue from where Poussin had stopped.

Poussin's system of order was static – however much energy his figures may imply. Look at *The Triumph of David*. If as a result of the implied movement of the triumphal procession, we reckon with new consequences and changed circumstances, the whole unity of the picture fall to bits. What happens when the procession moves on and the head of Goliath no longer coincides with the robes of the spectator behind, and the folds of those robes no longer echo the victorious arm of David? For this reason Poussin could not deal with the constantly moving dynamic forces of nature, as expressed in full, open landscapes; he then had to let in mystery, the unknowable. His struggle, with inadequate means, to avoid doing this is very moving. In *A Roman Road* he tries desperately to keep everything under control: he emphasises the straight edge of the man-made road, he makes as much as he can of the calculated angles of the church roof, he disposes the small figures in their telling, clear poses, but the evening light making shadow chase shadow, the sun going down behind the hills, the awaited night – these are too much for him. For Poussin there was chaos beyond the town walls, beyond the circle of learning – as there was bound to be until it was realised that human consciousness had as material a basis as nature itself.

And it was from this point that Cézanne continued. Cézanne's incredible struggle was to find some system of order which could embrace the whole of nature and its constant changes. Against his wishes this struggle forced him to abandon the order of the static viewpoint, to admit that human consciousness was subject to the same dialectical laws as nature. And the Cubists continued from where he stopped, rejecting the Renaissance because they were aiming at the same end with quite different means. Even today the process is incomplete, the solution only partial. But for those who will take the next step forward, Poussin, straddling the two periods in our culture when men sought order in life before they sought it in art, will remain an inspirer.

JOHN BERGER

CHRIST IN JEANS

First produced by ATV for the Independent Television Network of Great Britain, the film of this modern-dress Passion play has now been shown on the American Broadcasting Company's Network in the U.S.A. These are the views of New Yorks' most distinguished television critic.

THE NEW YORK TIMES, MONDAY, MARCH 23.

Television: Modern Version of the Crucifixion

'Christ in Jeans' on Bishop Pike's Show

By JACK GOULD

"CHRIST IN JEANS," a modern version of the Crucifixion and Resurrection, is a drama of striking power and poignancy. It was seen yesterday afternoon on the program of the Right Rev. James A. Pike, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of California, over Channel 7.

The unconventionality of the play's approach, showing Jesus as a youth in a pullover sweater and Mary in a polo coat and head scarf, did not detract either from its solemnity or reverence. On the contrary, the format imparted an undoubted contemporary pertinency to Christ's last twelve hours.

The drama was prepared by the Rev. Hugh Bishop, whose presentation was originally offered by Associated Television, Ltd., on the commercial video network in Britain. The play caused considerable controversy in London

Actually, any element of sensationalism is limited chiefly to the title. "Christ in Jeans" is a symbolic drama in which none of the actors says a word; the narration is left to Father Bishop, whose effective speaking voice, deep earnestness and determined candor shape the mood for an unusual video experience.

Jesus is seen as a handsome young man, born between the two World Wars, who undergoes a third-degree examination preparatory to His trial before Pilate.

In a scene of agonizing reality, He is shown lying down on the cross, to which His hands are then nailed. During His hours on the cross He is visited by His mother and John. John is described as "the impetuous teen-ager" who gives so fully of his friendship.

The Resurrection is handled with beautiful simplicity. After a viewer sees the fallen face of Jesus on the cross there is a brilliant flash of light and a moment's pause. And then there is a simple profile of His face, vibrantly alive, but totally reposed.

Father Bishop's accompanying commentary was enhanced by a sharp and penetrating awareness of today. The type of third-degree examination to which Jesus was subjected, he noted, still prevails "on both sides of the Iron Curtain."

Nor, he observed, is the world yet free from Pilates who trample on human dignity by expediently condoning concentration camps, racial discrimination and slums.

The production by Michael Reddington enjoyed striking lighting and vivid camera effects. Any play that aspires to depict the ordeal of Jesus in a modern setting is perhaps bound to invite dissenting voices

But Father Bishop and Associated Television succeeded in their main undertaking; as Bishop Pike suggested, in their film Bethlehem is not remote.

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Gramophone Records

COLUMBIA'S recent recording of Cherubini's *Medea* (33CX 1618-20) is a notable event. Whether or not one considers it an historic event depends on one's opinion of the music. It is true that up to a point all successful revivals of forgotten music are 'historic'; but not all history is important. Disregarding, if possible, the musical alchemy wrought by Callas in the title role, we must ask ourselves if the intrinsic merits of the opera are likely to retain our interest. One thing is certain: this is no mere race-course opera, suitable only for demonstrating what operatic tipsters would call 'form'. There is a real musical purpose in performing the work. The very opening scene, with its sensuous falling sevenths and its relaxed development, at once establishes a note of quite distinctive lyricism, despite the echoes of Gluck and Mozart. The delicate poise between the vocal line and a finely drawn flute solo is characteristic: something of the kind occurs again in the shape of a superb bassoon solo during Neris's andantino aria in Act 2. At many points throughout the opera Cherubini invents highly developed and expressive accompaniments which far transcend the conventional. Once or twice he wrenches the harmony in a way that would have made even Berlioz wince. And there are a few passages of sheer originality – such as the extraordinary movements of thirds in contrary motion which illustrate Neris's tears. Tchaikovsky's 'pathetic' manner is precisely foreshadowed here.

The lyrical invention is not always on this level, and the dramatic contrasts seldom are. As the opera progresses and the dramatic tension heightens, Cherubini seems to become increasingly uninterested. Medea's reunion with her children only just succeeds in evoking a musical response from him; and when, in the subsequent aria, Medea finds that her love for her children has momentarily overcome her resolve to murder them, Cherubini utterly fails to suggest the development of her emotions or the character of the scene as a whole. Much the same happens in the earlier scene where Medea begs Jason that she be allowed to see her children once more. Because of the duplicity of her request, the scene presents a complex musico-dramatic problem. Cherubini's comparative failure here can only be covered by a great actress, and of course Callas is no less than that. How masterfully she reveals the murderous heart of Medea as she sings 'Ah cari miei tesor, vedervi posso ancor'. The performance seems literally to inspire the music. From the moment in the first act when Medea tells the people of Corinth to trust in her – a passage which admittedly has a striking musical image to support it – to the final, and musically perfunctory, suicide, Callas carries everything and everyone with her. In a sense, the occasional deficiencies of the music give her the greatest opportunities as an actress. But her singing of such things as the long recitative preceding her first aria shows that her musical achievement is in no way inferior to her dramatic instinct.

Mercifully, the rest of the Columbia cast, which includes Mirto Picchi, Renato Scotto and Miriam Pirazzini (a touching Neris) is worthy of the chief protagonist, and the conducting of Tullio Serafin is exemplary. With one or two minor exceptions the recording shows due regard for the orchestral accompaniment. The delightful music of the off-stage band in Act 2 is beautifully caught. A well-produced libretto-booklet with English translation, can be obtained with the recording.

Decca's stereophonic recording (SXL 2060) of Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream* music comes as a pleasant reminder of genius after the more sober merits of Cherubini. The recording includes the Overture and the seven 'self-sufficient' numbers from the stage music. The London Symphony Orchestra, and the female chorus of the Royal Opera House, is conducted by Peter Maag, and the soloists are Jennifer Vyvyan and Marion Lowe. The performance of the actual theatre music is neat and likeable. However, one must view with mistrust a performance of this music which fails to show the Overture as the masterpiece that it is. The disparity between this un-symphonic and untheatrical performance of the Overture, and the neatness of the subsequent Scherzo is distressing.

Ansermet's version of Stravinsky's *Firebird* on Decca (SXL 2017) is another complete recording of a work usually heard in extracts. Although the Suites contain almost all the best music, the work cannot be fully understood until it is heard as a whole – in this it resembles the two later ballets usually heard in suite form, *Pulcinella* and *The Fairy's Kiss*. The Decca *Firebird* is the only complete recording available and for that reason alone would be worth having. Performance and stereophonic recording are both admirable.

Fritz Reiner and the Chicago Symphony Orchestra have recorded the Brahms Third Symphony for RCA (SB 2007). Mr Reiner's version of the first movement is scarcely allegro and certainly not con brio. At several points, even in the middle of a musical sentence, one gets the impression that this is a final rehearsal and the conductor is about to stop and make some small comment. A certain lack of momentum in the expositions is usually dispelled in the developments, where Mr Reiner often does good things.

DAVID DREW

"Tell me, where is fancy bred?"

SHAKESPEARE, who knew so much, failed to furnish a satisfactory answer. Extraordinary. Fancy bread (it would be pedantic to retain the Bard's quaint Elizabethan spelling) is in any good baker's. In *delicious* variety.

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** National Food Survey Committee Report, 1956 (Page 133) published by H.M.S.O.*
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Dream Houses

THE centre of Stuttgart, bombed flat with vindictive enthusiasm in the last week of the war, now looks like Coventry or Bristol being rebuilt with the casual, thoughtless haste of Milan, to the designs of mad Japanese Espresso-bar designers. This is where the 'German Miracle' looks most like an optical illusion – never, I should say, have so much skill, imagination, craftsmanship and expensive materials been lavished on such blindingly trivial buildings.

But on the first of the hills that ring the cauldron of Mercedes-Town are the remains of Weissenhof-Siedlung, one of the holy places of modern architecture, one of the few shrines that Europe has created in our time. Weissenhof is a sort of architectural Bayreuth, not only in the sense that it is a place of pilgrimage, but also in the sense that, like a Wagnerian opera, it is a species of *Gesamtkunstwerk*, one mind directing the works of many. Baldly catalogued, it is an estate of dwellings – single houses, terraces, a block of flats – created in 1927 by the Deutscher Werkbund as a manifesto of the new architecture.

The master-mind was Mies van der Rohe (who will be this year's recipient of the Royal Gold Medal of the RIBA), most craftsmanly and precise of German modernists. Rumour runs that he originally intended simply to split the work with Le Corbusier, but – under pressure – decided to include the Dutchmen J. J. P. Oud and Mart Stam, and then – still under pressure – was finally persuaded to include his own colleagues and contemporaries from Berlin. As a result, the whole hit-parade of 1926 were represented, with Behrens, Gropius, Taut, Hilbersheimer, Poelzig, Scharoun, as well as lesser lights and the visiting firemen already mentioned. For the first time, thinking Europe was forced to see that the new architecture was international and homogeneous.

But some of the homogeneity must have come from the fact that the reins remained in Mies's hands. He conceived the whole hilltop as a continuous landscape sculpture of interlocking rectangular elements, platforms, houses, balconies, steps, dominated by the mass of his own block of flats. Local pressures smudged the edges of the grand design with sweeping roads instead of steps and terraces, but a good deal remained, the houses stood where he had put them.

Some still do. The two by Le Corbusier, superbly sited right on the rim of the cauldron, famous and prominent, have both been put in good order fairly recently. Mies's flats are in fair shape, though painted an offensive dried-egg colour, Oud's terrace of five cottages is in respectable order, though not very attractive to outward view; Stam's terrace of three, more intriguing at present because of his mystery-man reputation, are chipped at the edges, the thin handrails of their surprisingly spritely entrance steps bent and ill-kempt. And there are some sinister holes, marking the sites of buildings by the Taut brothers and Richard Docker.

Yet enough survives, in good enough shape, for the eye to reconstruct the first entirely modern townscape in Europe, the crisp rectangular forms laid out on a strict rectangular grid (relieved only by the constant changes of level between one building and the next), the big windows, the smooth plastered surfaces, the balconies, the flat roofs. The trees have grown thick between, later buildings have invaded the vacant lots, but it is still there, you can still sense the impact.

Only now there is something else as well – you sense also the faint air of unreality of an abstract æsthetic gesture, the desire to impose

an artistic concept of terraces and steps instead of the more sensible one of roads and paths, and the old-hat German romanticism of the ideal hill-top site, instead of somewhere more gritty and more realistic. The point is driven home by one of the few buildings that survive in the bombed mile of the cauldron below – Eric Mendelsohn's Schocken Store (now one of the Merkur chain) of 1926, the first modern shop in Europe. Mendelsohn, practical and successful, was not the sort of architect who would have been invited to participate in Weissenhof, the shop doesn't often get into the history books, its circular, projecting stair-tower was later devalued into a cliché of Odeon-styled cinemas.

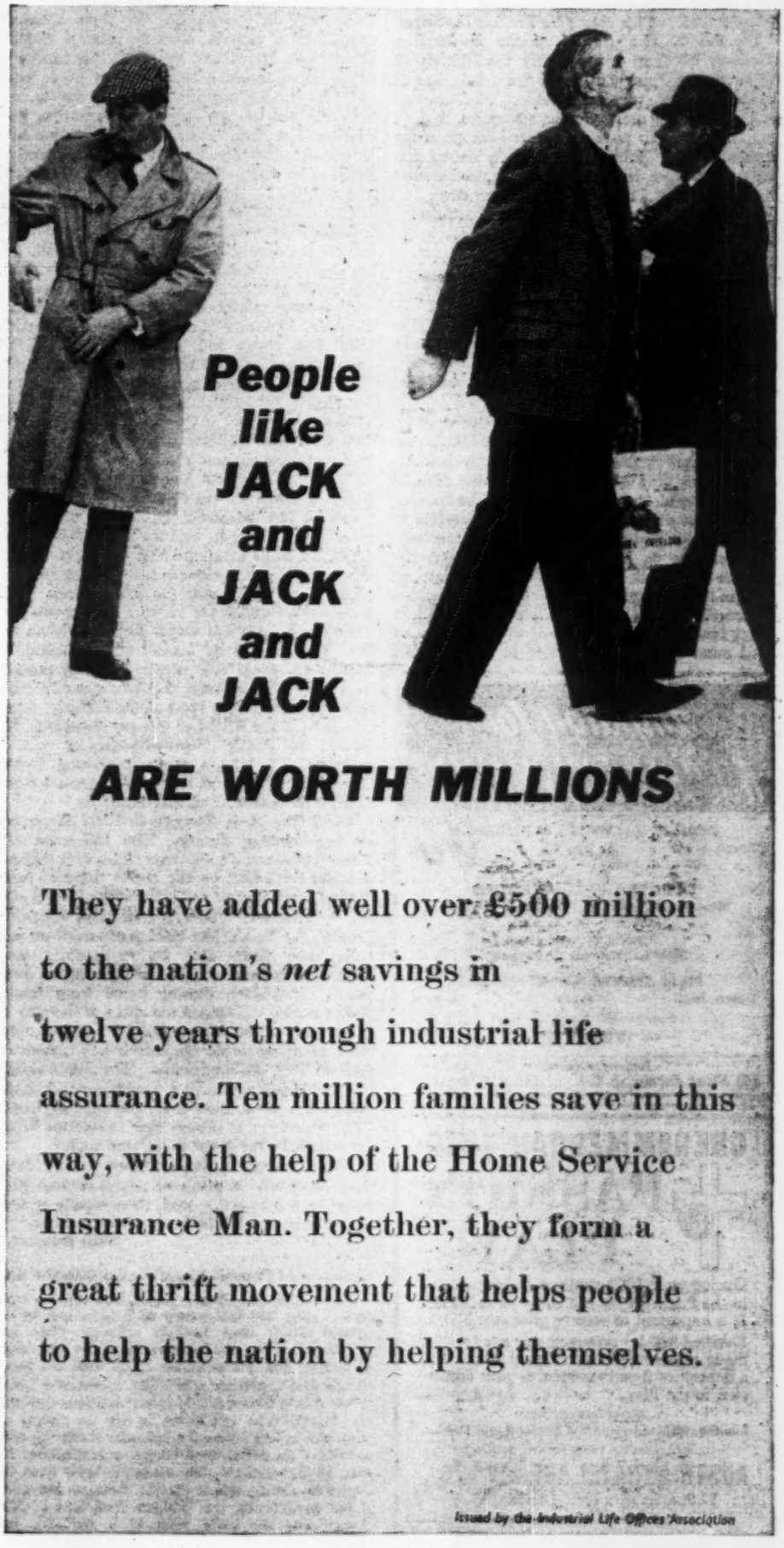
But among the shouting facades of post-war Stuttgart it is still competitive, still looks like a realistic appreciation of the architecture of the market place. At the same time, its sharply profiled detailing retains its crispness, its brick surfaces – unthinkable to the arty boys up on the hill – look as good as they ever did, and have acquired something of the authority of a Roman remain among all the fly-by-night structures that surround them. Looking at it, one looks at one of the most inspired inventions of the real twentieth century, and by comparison Weissenhof is simply the fulfilment of an egg-head dream.

REYNER BANHAM

Cicero to Baker Street

THAT crime doesn't pay has been for long one of the cinema's most repeated and lucrative tenets. This week we meet it at various levels. *Al Capone* (Marble Arch Odeon) gives us the low-down on the most famous gangster of all; and one's chief complaint is that it doesn't go a bit lower. After all, we know this character fairly well by now, a huge fiction has gathered round him and round the Chicago of his time, and the only treatment remaining for Scarface is the really scarifying. I should have preferred more cold fact, a rough edge, a newsreel rustle. *Al Capone* clings to the shiny look, and Rod Steiger in the name part gives a considered impersonation in which we – or at least I – rarely lose the feeling that here is a very capable actor dealing with an ugly role. He clasps his old boss in an operatic duet while two thugs shoot from the back; a victim's widow becomes his love object; he squares politicians and moves into big business. This panorama revives the Prohibition era with some success, but it doesn't improve on what films have already done in this direction: particularly *Quick Millions*, with its gangland funerals and row of milk churns left spouting after the machine-gun has passed on. Such incidents here only echo. Still, on the whole this is a solid film, directed by Richard Wilson, that doesn't mock history.

In *Tiger Bay* (Leicester Square) the crime is of the sort to invite sympathy, a young Polish sailor coming back and in a quarrel shooting the woman who has tricked him. This is spied by a ten-year-old girl, who makes off with the revolver, and the rest of the film follows the odd clinging together of murderer and witness with the police on their track. The adventure, particularly after it gets out of doors, amuses and touches without losing its chill excitement; and the child (Hayley Mills), valiantly lying, remains true to childhood. The sailor (Horst Buchholz) also completely wins us over. This is a film with fresh local colour (Cardiff) and fresh faces that make it difficult for that old stager, John Mills, as the police inspector, to exert his usual charm. *Tiger Bay* has been sensitively directed by J. Lee Thompson: a welcome surprise, after the rigid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melodramatics of his recent *No Trees in the Street*.

I'm afraid *The Hound of the Baskervilles* (London Pavilion) won't satisfy the Friends of Baker Street. Peter Cushing, after a long line of hawks, makes a very mild descent on Dartmoor in the Master's most Gothic adventure. I can't say I managed to raise a shudder – except at the revelation that Holmes and Watson shared one very small room with shelves of chemical bottles round and coats hanging behind the door.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Deodorising the Gutter

ON Monday night there was an interesting and depressing example of the continuing, if intermittent superiority of sound radio to television – not, indeed, intrinsically, as a medium (that would be like calling poetry 'better' than prose), but in the ways in which the media are sometimes used.

Most of the daily newspaper TV critics reviewed tolerantly the BBC's 'new British musical', *A Sparrow in Fleet Street*, in which Charlie Chester played the part of a newsvendor-turned-journalist and sang songs with such refrains as 'Just a Cockney sparrow in the streets of London'. It would be as pompous to expect from Mr Chester ironic wit or serious social comment as it would be to look to the Crazy Gang for an intellectually daring new joke, and as unkind to judge him by austere standards as to strike one's aged aunt. Yet it is infuriating to see the BBC waste such an opportunity; for there could, of course, be a superb, savagely satirical musical about Fleet Street, and the BBC, not having to worry about sensitive advertisers or press lords, could do it; and, unpretentious as it was in content, this was an ambitious and expensive production. The *Radio Times*, making the best of it in advance, remarked that 'with the tremendous facilities available – film inserts, technical trickery, and mobility . . . impossible in the theatre – ' TV would seem to be 'the ideal medium' for new musicals. True – but how tragic that, as our colleagues the dramatic critics so often lament, it is the Americans rather than the British who seem able to produce musicals with a bite, with a fresh and startling relevance to current reality. There is nothing highbrow in this complaint: shows like *West Side Story* and *The Pajama Game* are *entertainment* as well as social comment: they pack the living theatre and the cinemas and would get higher TV ratings than Ibsen or Thornton Wilder, whose *Skin of Our Teeth*, even done live, with the lambent brilliance of Vivien Leigh's performance, caused, for once, a mass-switch from ITV to the BBC's old Astaire movie, *Follow the Fleet*. At least once – in *Front Page* – America has produced an adequate satire on the yellow press. Do we have to wait for a Broadway musical on the same theme (so that the Press Council can assure shocked viewers that nothing like that could happen here, that the British press is the best in the world)? Do viewers have to wait for adaptations from the stage, anyway? Must the BBC throw away its artistic and technical resources on shows that hardly differ, in essence, from typical British stage musicals of the Thirties? One can imagine the protests (as recently, in the *Observer*) if the BBC had put out something that seemed to glorify flick-knife-carrying teenage gangsters. To take a street consisting largely of gutter, and to turn it into a fragrant Lovers' Lane, is to broadcast an insensitive lie.

The Editor in *A Sparrow in Fleet Street* was an unconvincing dummy. The Editor in *Our Town* (broadcast on the same night, in a *Voice of America* recording, on the Home Service) really talks and feels like a small-town editor. *Our Town*, also by Thornton Wilder, is four years older than *Skin of Our Teeth*. The BBC produced it on television two years ago. Its explanatory comment and natural sound – the clucking of hens, shouts of children coming home from school, choir practice – enhanced the effect of the play on radio; and, as in *Under Milk Wood* (so much more satisfying in the medium it was written for than on TV), the imagination, liberated from the literalist tyranny of vision, could respond to the promptings of Wilder's folky but moving words. ('The mornin' star always gets wonderful bright the minute before it has to go,' and such.)

There is surely a double lesson for TV in all this: don't rely so much on adaptations of work done for other media; and, for specially written work, try to find tolerably significant themes.

TOM DRIBERG

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Treasures of Cambridge, at the Goldsmiths' Hall

Those who, like Henry James, can stand a great deal of gold, will find plenty of it here, lent by the colleges which have lovingly collected plate over six centuries. But the colleges have also lent much to interest and please those of us who are better equipped to appreciate a painting, a bust or a water-colour than a Coconut Cup (gilt mounts) or a Standing Mazer. The exhibition is by no means all backward-looking: there is a splendid Stanley Spencer portrait of the Mistress of Girton, commissioned last year, to demonstrate that academic taste need not always be timid; near it are the Rodrigo Moynihan of her predecessor, the William Nicholson of Miss Clough and the early John of a reclining Jane Harrison (1909), to suggest that the women's colleges may be more enterprising in their commissions than the men's. (Trinity also lends a John, a drawing of Eddington, but commissioned in 1933; and an early Lamb, of Housman.)

Most of the painting and sculpture comes from the Fitzwilliam: its Simone Martini panels, its Veneziano Annunciation, its Degas, its Renoir, are on the walls to remind one what a superb collection it is – and the particulars of the donations are in the catalogue to remind one how astutely Sydney Cockerell attracted bequests to the Museum during his curatorship. One of these was the set of four Linnell drawings of Blake: nobody looking at that profile in the John Bull top-hat, so solid, so earthy, can ever again entertain the stereotype view of Blake as a mad visionary. The portraits lead in and out of the manuscripts: from Northcote's Coleridge to a letter announcing the completion of the *Ancient Mariner;* from Nollekens's bust of the younger Pitt to the letter written by Chatham to the Master of Pembroke, introducing his 14-year-old boy: 'I need not say how much of his Parent's heart goes along with him'.

J. A. S.

Correspondence

VOTERS' VETO

SIR, – Dr Summerskill's refusal to speak at Aldermaston shows only too clearly the confusion that the Direct Action Committee is creating with its Voters' Veto. How many more affairs like this will there have to be before the DAC learns that the ineffective blackmail of the Voters' Veto antagonises potential Labour supporters of the Campaign without winning new ones?

The Swaffham result also exposes the ineffectiveness of the Voters' Veto. Its effect on the result appears to have been precisely nil: against this negative result has to be set the damage it has done throughout the country to relations between the Labour Party and the Campaign. Moreover, had the Voters' Veto been successfully applied at Swaffham, it is reasonable to suppose that it would, in fact, only have been applied against the Labour candidate, who would have been defeated. The Voters' Veto is equivalent to intervention on behalf of the Tories.

Swaffham also shows the danger that the Voters' Veto may involve Direct Action in giving its support to candidates who profess to stand for unilateral renunciation of the bomb, but who stand for extreme, racialist, neo-fascist policies in other respects. For at Swaffham it was the right-wing Independent who came nearest to accepting the DAC's policy, and one cannot rule out the possibility of another, more extreme right-winger, going the whole hog on unilateralism. If the DAC then has to admit that it cannot support such a candidate its self-righteous moral stand collapses. It is, in short, time that the DAC stopped its moral posturings, and recognised that there are other issues at elections which also involve moral as well as political considerations: that other people are entitled to have moral scruples about voting for a Tory or an Empire Loyalist, or even about abstaining. For, as the DAC says in its leaflet, *Political Implications of a Voters' Veto* (in a reference to abstention by MPs in the House), 'by abstention they are still giving tacit consent to these programmes'.

MALCOLM MACEWEN

31 Tanza Road, NW3

COMPREHENSIVE SCHOOLS

SIR, – As an Australian with three years' residence in Britain and a background in Australian education, I have been deeply interested in the debate on Comprehensive schools.

The insularity displayed by many commentators is surprising. Some of them speak as though the principle were as great an innovation as free compulsory education was in 1870. Schools organised on a com-

prehensive principle have been functioning for generations in North America, Australia and New Zealand and in many other overseas countries. What really underlines the myopia of their view is that the comprehensive principle is an old-established one in the Scottish educational system. Even after making full allowance for different social conditions in Britain, one cannot conduct the argument as if the principle had never been given a fair test. Even the Labour Party pamphlet on education, *Learning to Live*, while setting out a good case for Comprehensive schools, speaks in quite a timid vein when speculating whether they will be successful or not.

Britain's educational system is a most effective buttress for the ramshackle class structure of the country. It is generally accepted that the Public school system is a source of tremendous social privilege. Apart from the prestige involved, there is the aspect of the high quality education provided—in the technical academic sense. This is Britain's most glaring example of educational segregation and privilege. Unless one complacently assumes that this system is part of a wise, just and good social order, then some sort of a change must be sought. While people can buy a privileged education for their children they will do so, and in a liberally based society must be allowed to do so. So, then, the only satisfactory long-term solution would be to raise the standard of the state system of education to a comparable or higher level than that of the private schools.

In Australia the education provided by the state is approximately equal in quality to that of the private schools. On the whole teachers in the state system are better trained and better paid. The private schools give more freedom to educational experiment, provide facilities for those who wish their children's education to have a specifically religious basis, and give an outlet for the snobbish pretensions of those parents who wish to purchase a little added social prestige for their children. As an education in Australian private schools has little or no qualitative superiority over that of the state schools the privilege conferred in adult life is negligible.

There is much glib talk in Britain of the 'Opportunity State' and 'equality of opportunity'. That educational opportunity is a vital basis for general equality of opportunity is a platitude. The question, then, is how much equality of educational opportunity is provided by the present system. The private sector of British education is a negation of this. Does the state system, *within itself*, provide this equality? The elementary schools, being free from the principle of separation into the two grossly unequal divisions of the secondary system, may be said to provide approximate equality of opportunity. But when compared to the private elementary schools gross inequality is apparent. In the state secondary system, by a highly dubious technique, a minority of children are selected for Grammar schools and the great majority go to Secondary Modern schools which, after all allowances are made, are distinctly inferior. Not even the mass of special pleading for Grammar schools has obscured the vital fact. If, within the state system, a minority of the more academically competent children are segregated in Grammar schools, given better conditions and taught by the better qualified and more ambitious teachers who are inevitably attracted to these schools, then the standard of the Secondary Modern schools must be depressed.

Surely one effective way to break down class barriers is to encourage social mixing. Comprehensive schools do this while maintaining the inevitable separation according to intellectual ability. Grammar schools add social segregation to inefficient and premature selection on grounds of apparent ability and contribute to further social cleavages.

The sociological implications of this segregation point towards the grafting of a meritocracy on to the hybrid plutocracy-aristocracy educated in the Public schools. Even if a meritocracy is inevitable or desirable, which is a question too involved to discuss here, the present educational system is not designed to promote this aim. It is still further away from assisting general social equality. Its injustice, inefficiency and privilege are manifest. If it is taken as a general social principle that ability should have no props—aristocratic, plutocratic or educational—then

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the quality of state-provided education must be high in all its schools and not just in a minority of the Secondary section.

JAS. B. KELLY

83 Ladbroke Grove, W11

SCIENCE AND POPULATION

SIR,—The controversy on Science and Population is in danger of being turned into a discussion of the desirability of a large world population and on the ethics of birth control. The former is a matter of taste, not of our taste, but that of future generations. The latter is not seriously in dispute. I am not opposed to birth control, but what I wanted to stress was that it has a relatively minor part to play in achieving the moving equilibrium between population and resources that I desire as much as Julian Huxley. He has, in my opinion, been misled by an attachment to an irrelevant biological analogy. Man is not any longer a member of a species which has to adapt itself to an environment which it cannot change, but one of an organised society, increasingly capable of controlling that environment by the use of tested knowledge. The really applicable biological analogy would be to that of a species entering into a new area with plentiful supplies and naturally expanding till it could make full use of them. With increasing knowledge there need be no limit to that expansion other than that imposed by man's own judgment.

In my book, *World Without War*, I estimated a tailing off of growth so that a stable population of 10,000 million would be reached about the year 2100. But the people of that time, armed with far greater resources than we can imagine, may well wish to aim much higher. They will also be able to cope with the problems of urbanisation and transport in ways which will be satisfactory to them. Professor Sargent Florence knows better than anyone how persistent urban agglomerations are. However, positive steps to decentralise them are already being taken in the Soviet Union and China. When the new scientific industrial revolution is fully under way, there should actually be large areas of land released from agriculture and industry for the enjoyment of unspoiled nature.

These are long-term considerations, but Huxley chiefly stresses the immediate need for drastic population limitation. He cites the case of India to show how the burden of a rapid increase of population can slow down advance and soon lead to a condition of 'economic no return'. This may very well be true but only on condition that the economic framework of society, in particular the systems of land tenure and industry, retain their restrictive capitalist forms. It ceases to be true once these are broken down and a determined effort is made to combine agriculture and industry in a rational way and on an adequate scale. Then, as the experience of China shows, the increase of yields is far greater than the extra burden of population. These measures put an end also to that great curse of underdeveloped countries, rural unemployment, the most obvious but deceptive sign of overpopulation.

I would agree with Joan Robinson that birth control should have some place in the first stages of development. Indeed, efforts to spread knowledge of it are official policy, not only in India, but also in China where it supplements other ways of reducing the burden of children on their parents through kindergartens and communal kitchens. However, it is unlikely for technical reasons, that the spread of birth control will in anything like five years reduce any population to a stationary state. If it was to do so there would be a serious shortage of young men and women 20 years later, just when they would be most needed, for even my optimism does not anticipate the transition to a fully developed economy in less than a generation. The Soviet Union is now suffering from just such a shortage of young workers due to the enforced birth control of the war years.

Julian Huxley has accused me of not thinking quantitively in claiming that malnutrition could be abolished throughout the world in two or three years. This was, however, no enthusiastic guess but a conservative estimate based on food production statistics of the FAO and the World Economic Survey. In 1957 the gross world production of cereals was 900 million tons or, if evenly distributed, roughly two lb per head per day, producing 2,400 calories. Because of present inequalities, hundreds of millions today get less than 1,900. To get 3,000 calories, well above the nutritional minimum, would require an increase of 25 per cent., an estimate given by PEP in World Population and Resources, 1955. To do this in three years would require a rate of increase of eight per cent. per year, one which has often been exceeded in Britain and America, not to mention China. But it could be done even sooner for, of the 220 million tons required, 75 million lie stocked in the United States and if challenged the American farmers alone could easily produce another 145 million from land at one time cultivated. The cost of the operation would be of the order of $15,000 million, a third of the present United States arms bill or 50 per cent. more than what is being paid at present to American farmers not to grow crops. We could do our share by growing more of our own food and importing less.

Such an initial effort could be followed up by the rapid production of farm machinery and fertiliser or its equivalent, to enable the poorer countries to grow food for themselves. The cut-back of United States motor industry in the last two years alone would have furnished enough tractors to raise year by year at least 200 million extra tons of crops. A few million tons of surplus oil would allow the Indians to save their cowdung for manure instead of for fuel and add at least a quarter to their present food production. The essential fact is, however, not that malnutrition could not be ended in three years, but that it will not be—at least in the capitalist world. The reason is that it would not pay to do so. The laws of profit require restriction of food production to keep up prices. Elsewhere malnutrition is being wiped out; the USSR plans a steady increase of eight per cent. per annum of food production and China has in one year beaten the United States wheat production and added 180 million tons of cereals, a

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substantial part of the world's deficit. What is being done there could be done everywhere and more and more of the undernourished are wanting to know why not.

It is against this background that we ought to judge the relative importance of measures of limiting population. What is needed is an immediate and feasible increase of food production so as to provide as a first stage two lb per head daily of cereal equivalent evenly divided over the world population. To satisfy as well the extra 50 million people that are now born every year wou'd only require the production of an extra three-quarters of an ounce. By all means let us spread birth-control information and encourage research on it, but let us keep our sense of proportion. It is not politics or religion but the sheer weight of facts that should lead us to see that population pressure is but a small factor in the dangers and miseries of our time. To prevent war and to even out economic opportunity all over the world are far more urgent and rewarding tasks than attempting to limit population or deploring its increase.

J. D. BERNAL

21 Torrington Square, WC1

SIR,—The problems of overpopulation are invariably discussed in terms of food supply; but Sir Julian Huxley's recent letter referred to other evils usually ignored in this controversy, namely, the harmful changes in individual and mass psychology which occur in congested and large populations. Huxley mentioned the tendency towards totalitarian organisation in mass societies, individual frustration, and the loss of human dignity. To these may be added cruelty and indifference to the welfare of others. In overcrowded societies disasters such as famines and epidemics may be welcomed if they succeed in getting rid of unwanted millions. Where else but in China could it be credibly reported that the governing group might be prepared to face a nuclear war which could wipe out 300-400 million of their people? Even so, 200 million would be left, as many as in the Soviet Union, and more than the US.

Many criticised aspects of modern life such as mass politics, admass, poor industrial and civic morale, lowered moral standards, and so on are variously attributed to international insecurity, inflation, the welfare state, and influence of such inventions as television and the mass press. The weariness, exasperation, and anxieties induced by congestion should not be overlooked. The vague fears which many people feel when numberless strangers press in on them can spread more easily with modern communications; and so also can the fatalism bred by feelings of powerlessness.

The work of those scientists who have advanced 'death control' in recent decades will not be completed until they have discovered and developed a reliable, safe and free method of birth control.

N. A. SMITH

38 Denison Road, W5

AFRICAN INFORMERS

SIR,—The question of the use of African informers in British colonial territories, which you raise in your sensible comments on the Nyasaland White Paper, deserves further study. In the remote past, when Nigeria was at something like the same stage of political evolution as contemporary Nyasaland, and Dr Azikiwe was as terrible as Dr Hastings Banda, I lectured to an African audience in a small provincial town. The local District Officer, who had courteously attended my lecture, and even more courteously taken me home for a drink afterwards, remarked as we looked at the stars: 'Did you notice that fat chap, sitting at the back during your lecture, taking all those notes?' I replied that he had struck me as a particularly industrious and promising student. 'He was a police spy', said the District Officer. 'Ex-Standard IV. He won't have understood a quarter of what you were saying. But I shall have a police report, based on his notes, of what you are supposed to have said in your lecture on my desk tomorrow morning'. I wonder if there is much difference in police informers' techniques between Nyasaland today and Nigeria ten or a dozen years ago; and whether any intelligent colonial official takes this type of source-material any more seriously than my friendly and outspoken DO?

THOMAS HODGKIN

Shipston-on-Stour

FIRST STIRRINGS IN KUWAIT

SIR,—I do not know how long or how closely acquainted with the affairs and people of Kuwait in particular and the Middle East in general may be the contributor of the item 'First Stirrings in Kuwait, in your issue of 14 February. I myself have been closely acquainted with them, in the oil industry and in journalism and in the army during the war, for the last 30 years.

On the strength of that acquaintance, including recently a first-hand description from Kuwaitis present of what your correspondent calls a mass rally of nationalists (which was, in fact, a celebration of the first anniversary of the foundation of the United Arab Republic, sanctioned by Sheikh Mubarak), I would like to record for the benefit of your readers that, in my opinion, as your correspondent's main facts are wrong, so also are his conclusions in every significant particular.

In brief, 'the events of 1 February' were of no extraordinary importance; and the subsequent alterations in the duties of Sheikh Jaber el Ahmed and Sheikh Mubarak were neither the results of those events nor 'un-enlightened' as your correspondent believes.

A. H. T. CHISHOLM

[The main facts in our note were taken from *The Times* of 11 February 1959. Based on reports received from Kuwait, they confirmed information reaching this office. We are not surprised to learn that Mr Chisholm, an official of the British Petroleum Company, which holds a 50 per cent. interest in the Kuwait Oil Company, should prefer to regard these facts as of 'no extraordinary importance'.—ED., *NS.*]

SOVIET EDUCATION

SIR,—In reply to Mrs Utechin I must point out that my book on Soviet education is by no means out of date, for the following reasons: (1) the reforms, which are given in the last chapter, are a modification of the present system and will be implemented gradually over the next four years; (2) compulsory education, up to now for seven years, from seven to 14+ years of age, is being extended to eight years, from seven to 15+ years, and the three-year courses which can be followed after that will approximate in standards to the present top forms in the schools; (3) the present educational set-up from nursery school upwards will continue to the end of the eighth form. I was sorry that your reviewer did not mention that a full summary of the new reforms is included in my book.

As for statistics of literacy in the Tsarist empire and in the Soviet Union, the *Russian Year Book* for 1913 gives figures well below 25 per cent., and it must not be forgotten that in Central Asia under the Tsars the vast majority of people were illiterate - the Year Book gave literacy as 5.3 per cent. The important fact remains: the vast majority of Soviet citizens is not only literate, but educated up to a standard which is rising year by year.

DEANA LEVIN

42 Parliament Hill, NW3

NATURAL BREAKS

SIR,—I find it a little odd that Mr Christopher Mayhew should claim to know the results of my investigations better than I do myself. I do not think it is difficult to reconcile my findings with those of the Gallup poll if a further piece of data is taken into account: the actual viewing habits of the respondents to the leading question posed in the poll.

GEOFFREY GORER

Haywards Heath

OWZAT, SEÑOR?

Warming my feet before a Yule log and my cockles with a glass of Vintners Choice, while listening to the cricket score from Australia, I was reminded that my Uncle Angus, under the benign influence of this same noble sherry, had once been moved to express his gratitude by introducing cricket into Spain.

His touring side was received with cordial apathy, until a fast bowler chanced to remark that he always started with three slips and a gully while the shine lasted. Eleven Andalusians, sleeping nearby, thought he said 'three sips and a gulp while the wine lasted'; and a match was quickly arranged. In the very first over, a smart return by my Uncle Angus from *pierna fina y profonda* struck the brim of an umpire's *sombrerazo*, tipping it over his eyes. He at once declared the light unfit for play; and both teams retired to the refreshment tent, where several bottles elapsed before my uncle could telegraph the routine demand for reinforcements which is a feature of cricket tours.

He still maintains that the message was garbled in transmission; but the selection committee received an urgent request for an all-rounder who could mix full bodied stuff with the occasional drier one, and who must be accompanied by a reliable opener.

Our usual contributor having precipitously (and temporarily, we hope) left us soon after writing our last advertisement, we take the opportunity to publish the above First Prize-winning entry to the recent Mackenzie Competition, by Mr. G. Allderidge of Chelmsford.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

The Pincer and the Book

THE Dark Ages were not all that dark. They were sensible about witches. To believe in witches or werewolves, said St Boniface in the eighth century, was unchristian. In the tenth century a Church dignitary declared night-flying a hallucination, and his declaration was accepted into the Canon Law. In the eleventh, the Laws of King Coloman of Hungary refused to notice witches 'since they do not exist'. Of course, shepherds and peasant women continued to talk of them, as they had done in pagan times: we find sympathetic magic in Theocritus, werewolves in Petronius, anointment and night-flying in Apuleius; and St Augustine, with his African credulity, did his best to preserve these peasant superstitions and fit them into his gigantic system. But in general the Church, as the civiliser of nations, disdained such old wives' tales. They were the rubbish of paganism which the light of the Gospel had dispelled. Even the Devil, in the Middle Ages, sank through familiarity into contempt. The Prince of Darkness became a village hobgoblin, dismissible with a formula.

And then, with the end of the Middle Ages, what a change! In the sixteenth century, the century of the Renaissance, and the seventeenth century, the century of the New Science, all Europe seemed given over to witches. Countries in which they had hitherto been unknown – Scotland, Hungary – were suddenly found to be swarming with them. By their own confession, thousands of old women every night slipped through cracks and keyholes and flew off to the Witches' Sabbat. There they worshipped the Devil in the form of a stinking goat, danced around him amid macabre music, kissed him solemnly under the tail, and feasted on such viands as tempted their national imagination. In Germany these were sliced turnips, parodies of the Host; in Spain, exhumed corpses, preferably of kinsfolk; in England, more sensibly, roast beef and beer. When not thus engaged, these old ladies were busy suckling familiar spirits in the form of weasels, moles, bats, toads or other convenient creatures; they were compassing the death of their neighbours or their neighbours' pigs; they were raising tempests, causing blights, or procuring impotence in bridegrooms; and as a pledge of their servitude they were constantly having sexual intercourse with the Devil, who appeared (since even he abhors unnatural vice) to she-witches as an *incubus*, to he-witches as a *succubus*.

What Gibbon called 'the chaste severity of the Fathers' was much exercised by this last subject, and no detail escaped their learned scrutiny. As a lover, they established, the Devil was of 'freezing coldness' to the touch, and certain items were lacking in his equipment; but there was no frigidity in the technical sense: his attentions were of formidable, even oppressive, solidity. That he could generate on witches was agreed by nearly all (how else, asked the Catholic doctors, could the birth of Luther be explained?); but was that power his own, as a Franciscan specialist maintained ('under correction from our holy Mother Church'), or did he, being neuter, operate with borrowed matter? And if so, whence was it borrowed? Some important theologians conjectured that the Devil equipped himself by squeezing the organs of the dead; others had other theories, more profound than decent; but, on the whole, holy Mother Church followed the magisterial ruling of the Angelic Doctor, St Thomas Aquinas. The Devil, she ruled, could only discharge as *incubus* what he had previously absorbed as *succubus*: he therefore nimbly alternated between these postures. . . . It seems surprising that the Roman Church, which has never renounced these beliefs, should not have recalled them to prove the diabolical nature of AID.

What was the Church to do when faced with this alarming epidemic of witches? What indeed except discover, test and destroy them? To discover them, village hatreds must be exploited, German schoolboys trained to denounce, confessors supplied with elaborate questionnaires. To test them, there were certain reliable *indicia*. Unless one was lucky enough to discover 'a pot full of human limbs, sacred things, hosts, etc.', which, as an inquisitor sagely observed, 'is a grave *indicium*', one had to be content with circumstantial tests. But of these, fortunately, there were plenty: a mole or wart, by which the familiar spirit was suckled; an insensitive spot which did not bleed when pricked; a capacity to float in water; the aspect of a witch, old, ugly or smelly. Thus identified, the witch must be made to confess. On the Continent this was easy. There was the torturer (witchcraft being *crimen exceptum*, there was no limit to the torture) and the questionnaire. The victim had only to say 'yes'. If she did, her guilt was proved and clerical science confirmed. If she did not, her guilt and torture were both increased. In either case she was sent to the flames – unless, as a special 'grace', she was merely torn with red-hot pincers and beheaded. In England, there was no torture, only discomfort, and condemned witches were hanged, not burned. The English witch was thus relatively lucky: she had a 3-1 chance of escape. Nor was the doctrine so fully developed: *incubi* and *succubi*, those purely clerical inventions, were not among the furniture of lay or Protestant minds.

How can such lunacy have possessed humanity for two centuries? It seems inconceivable, and yet, though the numbers have been exaggerated, the facts are not in doubt. And now, with the advantage of this unfinished (and still unindexed) work of the great American historian of the Inquisition, H. C. Lea*, we can trace the whole history of the craze and the persecution. It is a history of collective cruelty and credulity, instituted, inflamed and prolonged (though not always controlled), even in enlightened centuries, by organised religion.

For there can be no doubt that the witch-craze was organised, late in the fifteenth century, by the Roman Catholic Church. Little by little, in the later Middle Ages, the Church had equated witchcraft with sorcery and heresy, and the Schoolmen had systematised, embellished and condemned those hitherto disregarded superstitions and hallucinations which spring from rural poverty. By such attentions they had built up and advertised a grotesque new mythology for which the inquisitors afterwards, by torture, obtained massive confirmation. For systematic witchcraft was not discovered, it was invented by the Church. Half the details to which thousands of witches afterwards confessed were unknown in their districts till the inquisitors arrived with their books and pincers. In 1484 it was the Dominican inquisitors in the bigoted Alpine valleys who solicited from Innocent VIII the first great Witch-Bull; and two years later it was they who, as if in response to the Bull, published the first great encyclopædia of the subject, *Malleus Maleficarum*, the Hammer of Witches. From that date the delusion began its fabulous course. The disease was created by its pretended remedy.

At first the laity were reluctant to believe this clerical nonsense; but against such massive propaganda who can hold out? As encylopædia followed encylopædia, as commentator cited commentator, as confession echoed confession, the sheer weight of documented rubbish overwhelmed even the most rational mind. The greatest of French political theorists, Jean Bodin, joined the hue and cry. Himself a burner of witches, he attacked his King as their defender, argued that judges who spared them should themselves be executed, approved anonymous denunciation and lynch-law. In England the most liberal of judges, Sir Matthew Hale, hanged a woman on the evidence of a wart. If voices were raised in doubt, they were quickly silenced wherever the Church had power. The Catholic Cornelis Loos was forced to recant. The Jesuit Friedrich von Spee, to escape the fury of his colleagues (for in general the Jesuits led the hunt: their great doctor Del Rio replaced the *Malleus* for his generation), had to publish his doubts anonymously in a Protestant city. In England, even Bacon and Selden framed their scepticism in discreet, orthodox terms. Meanwhile the cry of the victims rose unheard. 'Now my dearest child,' a burgomaster of Bamberg wrote to his daughter after having publicly confessed that he had renounced God, given himself to the Devil, and met his fellow officers at a Witches' Sabbat, 'you have here all my acts and confession, for which I must die. It is all falsehood and invention, so help me God. . . . They never cease to torture until one says something . . . if God sends no means of bringing the truth to light, our whole kindred will be burnt.' 'Torture,' said Spee (who had been converted by his experience as a confessor of witches) 'fills our Germany with witches and unheard-of wickedness, and not only Germany but any nation that tries it. . . . If all of us have not confessed ourselves witches, that is only because we have not been tortured.'

Torture and mythology, the pincers and the Book, these were the essential machinery of the witch-craze: out of hallucination and suggestion they created an empire of darkness which then

* *Materials towards a History of Witchcraft*. By H. C. LEA. Edited by ARTHUR C. HOWLAND. *Thomas Yoseloff*. 3 vols. 6gns.

acquired a momentum of its own. How could it be stopped? At first the most that could be hoped for was control, and the only force which could control it was the force which had launched it, the Inquisition. In a memorable chapter, Lea himself pointed out how the Spanish Inquisition, that hideous engine of intellectual and racial tyranny, by its 'wisdom and firmness', held the witch-mania down. In this, as in other respects, it kept Spain in the ignorance and bliss of the tenth century. In Italy the Roman Inquisition was only a little behind. In the Mediterranean lands those who supposed themselves levitated into the air were not burned as witches but canonised as saints. This did not mean that the mythology was discredited: far from it. Witches were still being burned in Mexico in 1877; Lea's ineffectual Catholic critic, Mgr P. M. Baumgarten, insisted on the necessity and justice of witch-trials; and even today Catholic confessors are recommended to brush up their science by questioning those oracles of the faith, *opiliones et vetulas*, shepherds and crones. The Catholic contribution to sanity has not been intellectual but disciplinary: in keeping some control over its own persecution.

Meanwhile in Protestant countries the revolution was coming – though once again it was no thanks to theology. The Protestant clergy could be as bigoted as the Catholic: did not the Bible, their Bible, say 'thou shalt not suffer a witch to live'? Reginald Scot, the boldest and earliest English sceptic, was a country gentleman. Two centuries after him it was a clergyman, John Wesley, who lamented that 'the infidels have hooted witchcraft out of the world'. But in Protestant countries at least the clergy were less powerful. The voice of reason could be heard; and reason, in the end, could undermine both torture and mythology, both the pincers and the Book.

In the south, clerical discipline; in the north, secular reason: these were the restraints and solvents of the Christian witch-hunts. But in between lay a great no-man's-land where there was neither one nor the other, neither Catholic centralisation of law nor Protestant freedom of thought. So Lorraine and Burgundy, Bavaria and the Prince-Bishoprics of Germany, the Rhineland and the Alps, remained always the classic lands of witchcraft. There the greatest persecutions took place, there the great encyclopædias were published, thence the successive waves of hatred and fear rolled out over Europe, Catholic and Protestant alike. From the Alpine valleys, scenes of the earliest persecutions, the *Malleus Maleficarum* had conquered Catholic Germany and France; from the same valleys Swiss Reformers and Marian exiles had carried the craze to Elizabethan England, to Calvinist Scotland and New England. When the revolt of lay reason had driven the flood back to its source, when enlightened rulers had reduced the liberties, tamed the Church and abolished torture in the Rhineland and the Alps, then indeed the lunacy of two centuries was at last conquered – or at least reduced to a mere harmless intellectual rubbish-heap for the antics of *opiliones et vetulæ*, and those equally credulous performers, the Rev. Montagu Summers and Dr Margaret Murray.

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

A New Grave

(Edwin Muir)

This rough and tumbled earth,
Still slice-marked by the spade,
Hurts like a half-healed wound
The dignity of death.
How can a man sleep sound
In a bed so rudely made?

Yet looking round this place –
The angel frozen in flight,
Marmoreal tablets, urns –
I know that for a space
Your spirit so brightly burns
This imperfection's right.

Later, the epitaph,
The grass-grown coverlet.
But today this rumpled turf
Is emblematic of
The raw wound of my grief,
Your star that has still to set.

J. C. HALL

How to Live with Mrs Proudie's Ghost

Anthony Trollope: Aspects of his Life and Art. By BRADFORD A. BOOTH. *Hulton.* 30*s.*

Professor Booth has, as he tells us in a paraphrase of Trollope's famous remark about Mrs Proudie, lived much in the company of Trollope's ghost. That he has acquired an unrivalled knowledge of Trollope is evident in his editing of the letters for the Oxford edition (which Oxford has betrayed us all by discontinuing). This knowledge serves him well in the first essay in this book, where he brings up some very big guns to support the sensible, conventional view of Trollope that he opposes to the somewhat arrogant crankiness of Trollope's latest biographers, the Stebbinses.

His downright common sense also makes him happily unselfconscious about discussing the unsensational virtues of the novels that embarrass subtle critics of Trollope. But when he attempts to move beyond what plain sense can see, he is a very uneven critic. His own prose disquiets one to start with: he is much given to expressions like Ireland's 'unhappy economics' and 'intrinsic in the concept of his humanity'. His general critical attitude is even more disturbing. He says that 'Dickens huffed against various social abuses', speaks with obvious respect of Ruskin's 'tumble of sparkling sentences rolling up iridescent poetic effects', and tells us that 'Trollope stands midway between the superficial impressionism of Anatole France and the steady classicism of Matthew Arnold'.

'It is futile,' he believes, 'to bring to bear on the simplicities of the Victorian novel the theory of fiction as we know it today.' In so far as that means it is foolish to assume that Trollope wrote under the guidance of James's prefaces, it shows a good sense that has not been universal among Trollope's critics. But in so far as it means – as, alas, it does – that Professor Booth thinks Victorian novels are really simple and that Trollope's novels can be satisfactorily treated as demonstrations of Trollope's expressed theory of the novel, it is downright silly. Of course Trollope talked about his novels in Victorian terms – asserted roundly that he believed in truth to nature and came out firmly for realistic characterisation. But it advances our understanding of Trollope's work very

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little to go through the novels announcing when, in your estimation, they satisfy Trollope's own very vaguely defined standards.

On the other hand, when Professor Booth does venture beyond such announcements, he is not very apposite. He compares Josiah Crawley to Karamazov, Père Goriot, and Lear, and speaks of 'a true Aristotelian catharsis' (beware of substitutes) as we contemplate Crawley's 'prideful agony'. Trollope was certainly sympathetic with Crawley's suffering: it was part of his greatness that he could imagine with sympathetic accuracy the real feelings of even the worst people. But it was also part of his greatness that he had an acute, comic sense of how even the finest people are self-deceived, and that makes a crucial difference to the conception of Crawley that Professor Booth seems hardly to suspect.

> Of what sort had been the life of the man who stood for years on the top of a pillar?—Crawley asks himself—But then the man on the pillar had been honoured by all around him. And thus, though he had thought of the man on the pillar to encourage himself by remembering how lamentable had been that man's sufferings, he came to reflect that after all his own sufferings were perhaps keener than those of the man on the pillar.

Professor Booth tells us that 'the personal association' between the Duke and Duchess of Omnium, 'though amiable, had rarely been intimate'. What it pleases him to call 'the personal association' between these two people is one of the most human and richly imagined marriages in nineteenth-century fiction. Shortly before she dies, the Duchess gives Mrs Finn a magnificent and wholly understanding description of the Duke's love for her, and adds, 'I could never tell him what I felt—but I felt it'. 'Amiable but rarely intimate' is surely just a little jaunty?

It is perhaps most typical of Professor Booth that he tells us, with proper liberal disapproval, all about Trollope's belligerent conviction that the only career for a woman is marriage, but fails altogether to discuss the countless occasions in the novels when Trollope realises, with complete sympathy for both, the comic discrepancies between men and women. For instance:

> Alice was glad to find [from Mr Palliser] that a hundred and fifty thousand female operatives were employed in Paris, while Lady Glencora said it was a great shame, and that they ought all to have husbands. When Mr Palliser explained that this was impossible, because of the redundancy of the female population, she angered him very much by asserting that she saw a great many men walking about who, she was sure, had not wives of their own.

Professor Booth thinks that 'Trollope was no phrase-maker' (I'm afraid his idea of a phrase-maker is Meredith), but he still might have told us something about the way Trollope can, as here, catch up whole characters in the ironic (because reported) echo of their ways of putting things. 'Female operatives' and 'the redundancy of the female population' is the language of the man who was happiest when he was planning speeches in support of that great scheme of a decimal coinage, just as 'it was a great shame' and 'walking about' and 'she was quite sure' are typical of Lady Glencora. It is this control of language that gives comic definition to these characters, behind whom lies, ultimately, better than two hundred years of conflict between the 'masculine' inclination to sociology and statistics and the 'feminine' inclination to direct experience and intuition.

Trollope could formulate as ideas only a trivial amount of what he knew; he was the most simple-minded of all the great Victorians (unless Tennyson was). He requires us to go behind his expressed opinions to the achieved tone of the novels, that marvellous balance of nearly universal, imaginative sympathy and pervasive, ironic common sense he brings to his representation of actual life. Not to do so is to miss nearly everything that matters in his novels.

ARTHUR MIZENER

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GERDA CHARLES

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Life in the Long House

World Within: A Borneo Story. By TOM HARRISSON. *Cresset.* 30*s.*

'Lacking normal manners, uncouth in appearance or unpleasant in personality, liable to antagonise Europeans and natives', were the barbs shot at Mr Harrisson in the smug Report of the Sarawak Museum in 1932. He had also, he tells us, been cut out of his father's will. Rumbustious, egocentric—brilliant: that would have been more accurate. The public got to know this enterprising, truculent and excitable anthropologist as one of the founders of Mass Observation and as the man who thought that South Sea cannibals had a lot in common with old Harrovians. Now we get his account of the Kelabit people in the uplands of Borneo and how, in 1945, he was parachuted into their country with seven others, to make guerrilla war against the Japanese and prepare for the liberation of the enormous island. His prose is sometimes as difficult as his personality, but it is the writing of an eager, vivid, voracious mind, the mind of a non-stop talker of unending curiosity. He is rather disorganised as a narrator, but his book is searching and dramatic. Personally, he had to prove himself and to remove the sting of those nasty remarks in Sarawak. He triumphed.

His story opens with a rich and detailed account of life in the Kelabit 'long houses' as it used to be before the war. Head-hunting had pretty well died out. The cheerful, hard-working, independent, class-conscious people of the high plateau grew their crops, wove their barks, drove their buffaloes, drank their borak out of the rows of great jars, often a thousand years old, which line one wall of the long houses, and stuck to the ancient purpose of not going down in the social scale. In the middle of the long house lived the richest and therefore most aristocratic family; the scale of wealth and standing declined, until the lowest classes were at either end. To be an aristocrat meant that one was the hardest worker, but to work hard was and is second nature to these people. Mr Harrisson has a wonderful gift for rendering their daily life; he is not an impertinent observer but one who feels with them and assimilates the things they are doing. The ways in which they grow crops, hunt, count the days by the migrations of birds, make love rolled up in a mat, tell stories, quarrel with their sons and daughters, argue about irrigation, die and placate spirits—all the things we expect from anthropological writing—are not drily recorded; he is able to generalise the sights and sounds of real days and nights, so that we catch that respect for human life so often missing in scientific studies, where the anthropologist stops at his own specialised interest in custom.

And then (as Mr Harrisson says), equipped with knowledge, he jumped in during the war, raised a successful rebellion which, in liberating the people, destroyed the pattern he admired. Now, modern life has come. Rival sects of missionaries, including the deplorable Second Day Adventists, hold their services side by side in the long house in awful cacophony; the energetic hedonists may no longer smoke or drink. 'No one will ever make a megalithic monument again. Tattooing, long hair, flashy beads, leopards' teeth, bored ears, exposed breasts, loin cloths, slit skirts, bone hair-pins, leg bangles . . . are Out. The churches seek a tithe of all produce'. Down go the men to the coastal towns; the harvests decline. An excellent film on Sarawak which I have just seen does not altogether bear Mr Harrisson out on these points; and he himself, to be just, sees the futility of romantic regrets. The account of his private war in the jungle is dramatic and is dotted with hotly arguing people who are full of life. What a difference it makes when a difficult man of action can write and can extend a passion for living into a love of sentences.

V. S. PRITCHETT

Sloggin' over Africa

African Follies. By CONSTANCE TOMKINSON. *Michael Joseph.* 15*s.*

Not, stupidly, having read *Les Girls* or seen the film (it arrived locally during a week when Something Had To Go), I came fresh to Miss Tomkinson and shall in future be first in line for her *œuvres*. She is quite supremely funny.

In *African Follies* she acts as secretary-cum-interpreter during a far from luxurious trip to the dark continent. Her meeting with her employer has a ring of the game of Consequences. Jug-eared, lantern-jawed, brown-booted, toffee-manufacturer Mr Doe met fair, slight, vicarage-reared, ex-chorus girl Miss Tomkinson on the crater of Vesuvius. He said to her, 'My name is Doe. Have a toffee', and the consequence is that in no time at all they are in Africa, having 'a look around'

and trying to snap lions. In preference to a Leica, Mr Doe has a Box Brownie ('You don't have to fiddle with it'). Miss Tomkinson's fears that she may be asked to do, as it were, her level best by night as well as by day are rapidly set at rest; indeed, one cannot associate soothing Doe's De Luxe, let alone brown boots, with anything but the cleanest living.

Wearing cummerbunds, devoured by insects, exasperated by the vagaries of air travel, and armed only with Woolworth jewellery for bartering with the natives, the unlikely pair search for wild animals.

> A mile farther on, Monsier Blériot suddenly stopped the car.
>
> *'Psst! Regardez les antélopes!'*
>
> Mr Doe fumbled frantically for his Brownie as we peered through the long blonde grass. 'I don't see any antelopes,' he whispered.
>
> *'Sshh! Le camouflage est parfait, non?'*

Eventually an indolent, captive lioness is found and the intrepid Tartarin is photographed with one boot resting lightly on a somnolent flank ('the King of the Beasts! . . . Try and keep her rope out of the picture').

After an attempt to cable reassuringly to Mrs Doe ('She's a great worrier, is Ivy'), they set out on a safari in an unreliable lorry (Drivers: Hassan and Abdullah), sustained imperfectly on sardines, brushing their teeth in Vichy water, cowering in bat-ridden rest-houses (*'Où est le cabinet?'*), occasionally clacking out a letter ('An original and two copies'), with Mr Doe respectable to the last in tie and waistcoat. They meet a Sheikh ('Good morning. My name is Doe'), and leave him ('Cheerio'). Absence of *passeports sanitaires* causes them to be held up by *douaniers*, Miss Tomkinson being persuaded to beguile the officials with vocal and dance numbers from her rich *Folies Bergère* repertoire.

How true is all this? It does not matter. One laughs uncontrollably.

ARTHUR MARSHALL

New Poetry

Domestic Interior. By LAURENCE LERNER. *Hutchinson.* 15*s.*

Possible Laughter. By JAMES MICHIE. *Hart-Davis.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

In Another Room. By PETER CHAMPKIN. *Linden Press.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Poems. By REX TAYLOR. *Hutchinson.* 15*s.*

The Shadows. By JENIFER WAYNE. *Secker & Warburg.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Catchment Area. By JAMES HARRISON. *Oxford.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Loss of the Magyar. By PATRICIA BEER. *Longmans.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Mr Lerner's first collection of verse is composed within the limitations of a currently fashionable manner. His poetry is constructed largely of carefully apt descriptive statements coloured with sceptical or nervously analytical reflections. Although his images often have wit and force, he is as much afraid of the grand manner as of the vulgar colloquialism, and thus restrains his higher imaginative flights with neat understatements and a deflationary use of an accepted vernacular. He emphasises his status as an 'ordinary' man by continual reference to the commonplace, and indicates his 'representative' quality by the deft placing of his verse in an existing tradition, and by the wry and defensive use of accepted clichés. His Muse, for example, has the expected 'cruel thighs', and he refers to the 'tides of traffic'. He tells us, too, that 'Spring turns up in occasional gardens', allowing us to see the exactitude of the nuances and the ambiguities, without underlining them rhythmically or syntactically. He exposes his sense of his own limitations in such lines as 'I fumble through my feelings and find this . . .', and 'I meditate upon the well-known view'. In all this he is similar to many other poets now writing, but he adds to the fashionable manner a gaiety, humour, and vitality that are all his own. His epithets are always just and sometimes surprising, and his visual images as clear and sharp in outline as those in a Wadsworth painting. It is all very pleasant, civilised, and lucid, and sometimes, as in the title-poem and in the descriptive poems about Africa, it is something more.

Mr Michie's work is also lucid, and uses neat forms and snippets of the vernacular, but its appeal is purely superficial. It is fanciful rather than imaginative, and often a little slapdash. At times, it even appears as if Mr Michie had used certain words entirely for the sake of a rhyme (for example, 'the opposite of yes', when only the exigencies of the form make 'No' an unsatisfactory substitute). Mr Champkin, in spite of the 'irony without cynicism' that T. R. Henn mentions in his preface, also fails to convince. He is well-spoken, reasonable, and candid, but there seems no reason why he has chosen verse as a medium of expression. Mr Taylor, on the other hand, is clearly a poet by compulsion. Although an influence-hunter would pounce upon his poems with glad cries of 'Hardy, Thomas, Frost, and Graves' there is a real individuality here. He speaks deliberately, unhurriedly, of the countryside and country people, and has a sharp eye for the telling detail, the authentic image. It is true that the disciplined simplicity of his diction occasionally falls flat, and that there are several cases of sentimental imprecision, affected inversions, and tired epithets, but there are also splendid examples of the hard, direct picture and the mature, deeply compassionate, understanding. 'The Funeral of Bob Williams' and 'Winter Death', for example, are magnificently convincing.

Miss Wayne's concern is with the suburb rather than the countryside. Her long title-poem explores its inhabitants and their spiritual condition with some subtlety and originality. It fails as a whole, however, because of the looseness of its construction and the awkwardness of its rhythms. This fault is present in most of the more ambitious poems, but the simpler, more regularly formed lyrics, with their ironic candour, easy strength, and humane wit, are thoroughly enjoyable. It is in her simplicities rather than her obliquities that Miss Wayne's real perceptiveness emerges, and in such poems as 'Comments', 'Passing Comments', and 'You Need Another Language', it is clear that a new poet of real promise has arrived.

James Harrison's first book is more complex. He ranges in manner from the gnomic to the lyrical, and from the casually meditative to the passionately symbolic. He is aware that the exploration of a new form is also the exploration of a different kind of perception, and his book as a whole gives the impression of a man intent upon making use of all his faculties and powers. He is, indeed, concerned to examine the scope of man's sensibility, and, in so doing, detects the fable at the heart of every occasion without ever allowing the thought he abstracts from his sensual perceptions to destroy the lyrical immediacy of the experience. The tone is quiet and the thought precise. These are poems that improve with each reading, and Mr Harrison is to be congratulated on a notable first collection.

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Patricia Beer also deserves congratulations. She is unusual in that almost all her poems are celebrations of people: a deaf shepherd shot in Cyprus, Sir Gawain, her dead grandfather, Leda, Psyche, and the drowned crew of a wrecked ship, are some of her subjects. These people, whether creatures of fact or fantasy, are always both heroic and life-size, as, for Miss Beer, the human is the only truly heroic scale. They are presented in language that is at once exuberant and controlled, magnificently inventive and yet never merely rhetorical; the words and syntax are simple and direct, but given force by firm rhythmical control and an astonishing imaginative power. One is constantly being overwhelmed by the bewildering inevitability of her most unexpected images, and delighted by the sensual vitality and deep compassion of her perceptions. Sometimes she suffers from a rush of images to the head, and sometimes, as in the long title-poem, the relationship of the parts to the whole is not completely satisfactory, but the whole book is a welcome reminder of the days when a poet's early work betrayed a certain excitement with words and with living. Miss Beer's poems are, very properly, the current Choice of the Poetry Book Society, and her next book will be eagerly awaited by everyone seeking an injection of new vitality into the poetry of our day.

ROBIN SKELTON

The *Eighty-five Poems* of Louis MacNeice (Faber, 10s. 6d.) have been selected by the poet himself, to illustrate the different phases and aspects of his work, from 'Candles', 1927, to 'Rites of War', 1958. The two latest additions to Heinemann's Poetry Bookshelf of selections are *Samuel Taylor Coleridge* (8s. 6d.) and *Emily Dickinson* (9s. 6d.), both volumes edited by James Reeves.

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East of the Elbe

The March Wind. By DESMOND DONNELLY. *Collins.* 18s.

Sinkiang: Pawn or Pivot? By A. S. WHITING. *Angus & Robertson.* 35s.

'I tell this story', explains Mr Donnelly, 'because it is vital for men and women in the non-Communist world to grasp something of the changes that are taking place . . .' beyond the River Elbe. And in this style of self-appointed mentor of the well-washed masses, (mainly, it would appear, the readers of the *Daily Mail* and the *Sunday Times*), Mr Donnelly continues through some six years of occasional travel in the Communist world and for 247 pages. At the end of these pages one knows a good deal about the gimmicks of going to that part of the world; about the oddities of British groups and delegations who also go there; about the lamentable failings of Communist bureaucracy; and, above all, about Mr Donnelly himself. It is a fairly thin harvest.

Otherwise, it must be said, the engagement is not kept. 'Men and women in the non-Communist world' will have learned precious little on finishing this book that they did not know before. They will have learnt that there was widespread suppression of elementary and everyday citizen's rights in the last years of Stalin's lifetime, and that things are still pretty tough; they will have understood that life in Eastern Europe wasn't – and isn't – nearly so comfortable as it is at home; they will have heard – once again – that industrial production is booming ahead; and probably they will have wondered – once again – how this can be when everything is as grim and grey and hopeless as the traveller (in this case, Mr Donnelly) describes.

The object of Mr Donnelly's energetic globe-trotting, it seems to me, is mainly defeated by the fact that Mr Donnelly is neither Mr Crossman nor Mr Gunther, but writes as though he thought he very well might be. Unlike them – even in their most tendentious moments – he is not a brilliant reporter: he remains long on comment and short on fact. This is all right, even if you aren't a brilliant reporter, so long as you are eminent and ancient and enormously distinguished. Then you can get away with remarks like Mr Donnelly's: 'I like Nehru. I find him a stimulating companion'. But when you are Mr Donnelly you really can't get away with that sort of thing. It sounds, and it is, pretentious.

A bigger trouble with *The March Wind* is that one never quite knows where its author stands. Commentators on Communist countries ought to be careful to state their own positions first: inquiring readers can then know how to evaluate bias, and allow for it. A crowning weakness in Mr Donnelly's book is that he doesn't make this possible. He is a Labour MP, true enough, but then his acknowledgements include two leading Tory newspapers. Where does that put him, one wants to know, in relation to the revolutions of our time? Apart from pious words about humanity having 'struck its tents', *The March Wind* has little to offer on this personal but necessary question.

There is lots of fun in this book at the expense of po-faced bureaucrats, terrified interpreters, and simple-minded leaders of the *apparatus*; and much that it says will be a salutary reminder of the negative and destructive side of the changes wrought by Communist revolution. But the comparison that Mr Donnelly seems to be making, all the time, is between the Communist and the non-Communist world as we know them now: whereas the fruitful comparisons, for understanding what goes on beyond the River Elbe, are between the Communist world and what preceded it. These, precisely, are the comparisons that Mr Donnelly never makes, or never by more than passing reference. His book, consequently, is little more than another exercise in the 'I saw communism and it stinks' line of argument; for anyone still in need of that sort of thing, but nothing else, it can be offered as readable and reassuring.

It is in any case more readable than Mr Whiting's book. If *The March Wind* has about it a fustian air of the Dulles Period in its heyday, this description of Chinese Central Asia is even less helpful as an introduction to comparative realities in the world of Asian Communism. This is partly because the author has placed reliance on Kuomintang sources whose reliability is doubtful; partly because he has worked within a scheme which precludes a description of Sinkiang after 1950; and partly because of the peculiar 'analyst's' English in which he writes. A good sample of the awful results of all this may be seen in his comment that 'the impact of Chinese Communist policies [in Sinkiang] since that date makes problematic the usefulness of depicting the way of life in the province at the time of writing, given the likelihood of basic long-range developmental changes introduced by China's present capital, Peking'.

Something of the damage done to American scholarship by Cold War motivations can be seen from much of this book. Resuming his central theme – the course of Soviet strategy in East Asian borderlands – Mr Whiting discovers near the end of his analysis that Soviet policy was motivated (*sic*) 'by the twin goals of security and power'. But was it really necessary to dig into the mountain of Central Asian obscurity in order to come out with this shining nugget of a platitude? What other motivation, one may ask, did he expect to find? Otherwise his book will interest the specialists for its publication of the autobiography of a bloody old Sinkiang warlord called Sheng, for the text of Sheng's agreement with the Soviets some twenty years ago, and for the alleged 'confessions' of three Chinese Communists (one of them the brother of Mao Tse-tung) whom Sheng first tortured and then murdered in about 1942.

BASIL DAVIDSON

Nigeria's Heroic Age

Nigeria: Background to Nationalism. By JAMES COLEMAN. *California.* $7.50

The Birth of Nigeria's University. By KENNETH MELLANBY. *Methuen.* 25s.

The early post-war years in Nigeria are already becoming the stuff of legends: the years when Dr Nnamdi Azikiwe and Lord Milverton (then Sir Arthur Richards) thundered at one another from their respective seats of power, in the offices of the *West African Pilot* and Government House, so that the thunder could be heard throughout Nigeria – locked like Ormazd and Ahriman in perpetual conflict. Out of the conflict and nationalist upsurge of the late 1940s has come the relatively peaceful political transformation of the 1950s – following, as Dr Coleman points out, a time-table strikingly like that put forward by Azikiwe and the delegation of Nigerian journalists who visited Britain in 1943, and dismissed at the time as unthinkable. With the inevitable shift of interest among Nigerian politicians and intellectuals from the problems of winning power to the less exciting problems of using it, there was a danger that this heroic period might simply

be left to the bards and the praise-singers. Fortunately it has found its historian.

James Coleman is in many ways the most interesting of a growing group of Americans working on modern African political institutions; and this study of the rise of Nigerian nationalism is the thorough and perceptive piece of work that one would expect. It is modest: he does not claim to have made any remarkable discoveries. The basic pattern of change is familiar; but 'studies that reveal the normality of African political phenomena are important in breaking down the great wall of prejudice and misconception that has surrounded Africa and its peoples'. (This, incidentally, is one reason why Dr Coleman talks about Nigerian 'nationalism', and rejects Lord Hailey's attempt to substitute the term 'Africanism', which 'exaggerates the differences in the operation of the historic process of nation-building in Europe and in Africa'.) It is also lucid. Dr Coleman succeeds admirably, with the help of statistical tables and an appendix in which terms are unobtrusively defined, in untangling the various threads explaining the slow growth of a national consciousness during the inter-War period, the rapid rise and decline of a militant movement between 1945 and 1948, the shift from a pan-Nigerian to a predominantly regional focus after 1948. Moreover, the book is written with insight, so far as an outsider can achieve it, derived from a knowledge of the main actors and the rich pamphlet literature of the time. And there is a blessed absence of the tendency to tell African nationalists what they ought to do. The main weaknesses occur in the author's treatment of the North, particularly of its pre-colonial history. For example, the Hausa State of Gobir was not 'ruled by pagans' during most of the eighteenth century: indeed Uthman dan Fodio, later leader of the Fulani *jihad*, acted for a time as tutor to the royal family. The *jihad* itself was not 'part of the famous Wahabi movement'. I think that excessive reliance on official sources has led Dr Coleman to underestimate the radical and reforming aspects of Islam in the contemporary North. But these are small blemishes in a book which is a real contribution to knowledge.

Dr Mellanby, first Principal of University College, Ibadan was thrown into the post-War Nigerian surge with the minimum of information about the political processes at work: as though, almost, an unworldly Roman prelate had been sent to establish a university in the France of Louis XVI, and found himself confronted with Danton and Robespierre. The consequent problem – how could the University College and Nigerian nationalism come to terms with one another? – was never really resolved. But in other respects Dr Mellanby, having himself certain heroic qualities, clearly achieved a great deal. His book, as the book of any honest head of an academic institution must be, is largely a record of battles – some won, some lost, some ending in negotiations between the exhausted combatants: battles with the Inter-University Council; with the General Medical Council; with Maxwell Fry; with those great feudatories, the Medicals; with the schismatic Agriculturalists; with the Nigerian Government, to which, having no other assured source to meet his recurrent expenditure, he had to present his mounting deficits. The book deserves to be read, both as a contribution to the realistic study of university politics, in the tradition of *Microcosmographia Academica*, and as an important theme within the wider history of post-War Nigeria – since it is Ibadan that is training much of Nigeria's future governing class.

THOMAS HODGKIN

Dialogue with a Devil

In Two Minds. By MARY CECIL. *Hamilton.* 15*s.*

Miss Mary Cecil has written elsewhere of her own experiences while undergoing a serious mental breakdown some years ago. She described her illness with candour and an insight, and a complete absence of self-pity, rare in writing of this genre. The same qualities are evident in her first novel which, if not autobiographical, clearly derives from her own experience. Clare Hammond, a young flautist from a respectable middle-class background, is having a bed-sittingroom sort of affair with a married violinist who is hoping for a divorce as soon as the money can be found. Knowing happiness for the first time, she is pathetically anxious to do nothing that might spoil their relationship. Her nervous desire to please leads to a number of minor domestic disasters, and she turns for comfort to spiritualism. The book opens with her transcribing messages from Peter, her 'spirit-guide', to whom she confides all her anxieties and insecurity. The novel consists almost entirely of a strange dialogue between Clare and Peter, in the course of which he undergoes a series of metamorphoses. From being first her own, and then her lover's spirit-guide, he becomes Clare's familiar, the devil in possession. Imperceptibly he becomes a part of herself, her other self in fact, and in this guise enables her to conduct a kind of sub-Freudian analysis of herself. He torments her cruelly, mocking and nagging, and uses his knowledge of her vulnerable points to drive her even nearer the edge of madness. By means of this long schizoid conversation – a stream-of-consciousness with a difference, sustained with great ingenuity – Clare's character and motives are laid

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Articles in the Spring Number (now out) include **Ronald L. Meek** on ' Mr. Strachey's Economics,' **Dorothy Cole** on the Pensions Plans, **Alasdair MacIntyre's** ' Notes from the Moral Wilderness—II,' and **Claude Bourdet** on ' The Imperial Frenchman.' **Bernard Stevens** writes on Rutland Boughton, and **Peter Thirlby** on Hugh MacDiarmid. There are drawings by **James Boswell,** poems, reviews, and a curtain-raiser to ' The Glossy Election ' by **Mervyn Jones.**

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remorselessly bare. The process of mental vivisection could hardly be better described. The dialogue is shot through with an appropriately diabolical humour which, without relieving the tension, contrives to make it bearable.

Clare is persuaded, after a period in an observation ward, to enter a mental hospital for treatment as a voluntary patient. Her relationships with her fellow-patients, at once casual and intimate, are sharply observed. We share the horrors of insulin coma – a form of treatment, it should be added, that is practised less and less today. With the dubious aid of psychotherapy Clare gains gradual mastery over her private devil and, as his grip upon her reason relaxes, he fades from the story. (The final identification of Peter with an earlier lover whom Clare discovers to be dead strikes one of the few false notes of the book.) We experience a sense of almost physical relief as poor Clare's storm-tossed mind emerges at last into calmer waters.

In Two Minds is not an easy book to read. The chaos inherent in its subject-matter, the confused material out of which the slender narrative unfolds, tend at times to confuse the reader. A few more signposts would have helped. Despite its nightmarish qualities, it is a moving story, told with subtlety and a wry humour, and one which, incidentally, will help to further the sympathetic understanding of mental sickness. Miss Cecil deliberately set herself an exceptionally difficult task. Many a practised novelist might well envy her courage in tackling it, and her success in illuminating the agonies of a disordered mind.

KENNETH ROBINSON

Other New Novels

Mrs Panopoulis. By JON GODDEN. *Chatto & Windus.* 15*s.*

American Son. By FRANCIS MACMANUS. *Cape.* 15*s.*

The Steel Cocoon. By BENTZ PLAGEMANN. *Secker & Warburg.* 15*s.*

The Guitar. By MICHEL DEL CASTILLO. *Hart-Davis.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

In Miss Godden's ink-sac sensitivity and expert narration are nicely blended. There may be moments when she suggests some improbable metamorphosis, Somerset Maugham into Virginia Woolf, perhaps, arrested midway, but most of *Mrs Panopoulis* makes an impression of firm integration. This is a most accomplished novel, an exercise in how to make strong characters and dramatic incident interact together in an exotic setting without any suggestion of contrivance or sensationalism.

A party of passengers go ashore from a liner at a Portuguese West African coral-island port. The dominant one is Isa Panopoulis, a rich cosmopolitan old lady nearing eighty – once a ravishing beauty, now a cackling old painted cormorant, full of character and quirks, apt to bully Flora, her great-niece-companion. Flora has got herself half-engaged to Martin, a young tobacco-grower, who is to be met by his masterful partner, Vincent; but Vincent never turns up. He has been the victim of a local *crime passionel* that has already taken place off stage in the best throw-away tradition. The few hours on the island are planned on the Ibsen principle to reveal as much as possible of the past in the present, but the present remains delightfully vivid. Mrs Panopoulis, with a little help from Humphrey, the middle-aged stockbroker who is just old enough to have been once physically in love with her, emerges as a memorable figure. The benevolent arrogance with which she plays *dea ex machina* is perfectly in keeping, and her final heart-attack, chasing after the favoured urchin who has run off with her bag, rounds her off very naturally. The scenic descriptions are delightful. This may be a little slight compared with some of Miss Godden's books but it is all alive.

If Mr MacManus could have taken lessons in construction from Miss Godden, *American Son* might have been a much better book. It is an interesting attempt to investigate the phenomenon of American youthful nihilism, and trace it in an individual case to and from the family background. It is the story of a quest told by a young Irish writer who is staying in New Mexico with the Wades, an immensely rich couple, he a constrained tycoon, she a bit of an intellectual with local artistic interests. Their son Terry is somewhere in Europe and won't communicate. Will the writer try to find him for them? He will, but before setting out he seems to stay on in New Mexico for a disproportionate time and his account of the Wades and his relations with them, especially Martha, is so detailed that it has the effect of overshadowing the missing Terry. And when Terry is eventually run to earth in a Dublin tenement, it is significant that the picture is again stolen by another character, Father Maloney, a priest who has been on the booze. So many of the component parts are bright and clear, including some of the Dublin scenes, that it is a great pity the composition could not have been held together. The Irish narrator is pleasantly knowing with a flexible colloquial style, but he never manages to give you the hoped-for revelation.

The Steel Cocoon is a painstaking, jagged but by no means insensitive piece of American naval wartime reportage of life in a destroyer. There is not much fighting; the only shell explosion, though fairly disastrous, is an accident. Interest is pretty evenly divided between the ship's company. The focus of identification for the reader is Tyler Williams, the pharmacist's mate. This device, with attendant VD scares, makes inevitably for a rather clinical flavour. The atmosphere of hysteria which you find in so much American war writing is present, but does not appear forced. The desperately over-intense heterosexual activities of naval ratings ashore in Boston are described in compelling detail. Homosexual relations on board ship are treated rather more equivocally. At face value the following passage suggests what optimistic housemasters classify as romantic friendships:

> Every old hand on the *Ajax* had his 'Boy', self-acknowledged, of whom he spoke with ribald affection. It was a satisfying relationship to the man and to the boy, a tribute to the one, a help to the other – the sort of relationship men fall into when their lives are lived apart from women. It must not be assumed that there was anything unnatural in this relationship. It was merely a normal expression of the capacity, or even the need, of all men for love of one another. Simple, uncomplicated men found it much easier to give and receive this rough affection than did less spontaneous men, such as Tyler Williams.

The Guitar is an agreeably old-fashioned affair, a romantic *conte* such as you might expect to find in an anthology of nineteenth-century French prose fiction. It is told by a Galician hunchback, son of a *roué* landowner who leaves him to be bought up by his witch-like nurse. When he inherits, his own ugliness and local peasant superstition combine to make him play the monster against his will. In its way it is remarkably well done and can almost be taken seriously.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

Week-end Competition

No. 1,519 Set by Buzfuz

Competitors are asked to commemorate the centenary of the publication of Fitzgerald's version of the Rubaiyat by composing a message of four quatrains from *Omar Khayyam* to the world of 1959. Entries by 14 April.

Result of No. 1,516 Set by Violon d'Ingres

The usual prizes are offered for a contemporary description (whether in letters, diaries or newspapers) of an exhibition of paintings by Oliver Cromwell, Sir Robert Walpole, Lord North, Lord Chatham, William Pitt, the Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel or Disraeli. Limit 150 words.

Report

If more Cromwells hung on the line than any others (not one canvas by Lord North!) it was surely because Pepys was at hand to describe them ('Went this forenoon to a private showing at Mrs Turncoat's of work done in oils by the Lord Protector; "and may *The Lord* protect us indeed", said I aside to Mrs T., "from another infliction of this sort" '), though Sir Thomas Browne elaborated his impressions in a letter to John Evelyn (' . . . that Self-estimation and Opiniatrity whereby men desire Fame from that wherein they be least practised'), and John Milton also had his say. Thomas Gray was there to evince his amazement at Walpole's paintings ('There is also – *horresco referens* – an awful vision of bells and hands surrounding a gigantic ear') and Samuel Johnson to deflate them with common sense:

> Though the artist reveals no particular merit he has a certain dextrous cunning which should ensure that his pictures, like his politicians, have their price. Even his egregious *Woods* should be worth a few halfpence.

Blake was the unlikely art critic of *The Times* for Pitt's exhibition, Ruskin described Peel's *The Conservers;* there was an extract from a Royal Diary about Disraeli and another from Bismarck's ('He modestly describes himself as a Sabbath painter'), but Gladstone commented sourly, 'While I expose atrocities abroad, he perpetrates them at home'.

Readers may like to know the titles of some of these vanished canvases. There was Cromwell's Breughel-like scene of soldiers at a tavern, entitled *A Cold Chop at Ye King's Head,* his *Portrait of an Archbishop* ('upon beholding which Peter Lely did exclaim "Laud, the incompetent idiot" '), and his *When didst thou last see thy Father?* 'a Republican Boy being questioned by Royalists' There was William Pitt's *Father at Polperro,* and a gaudy lot of Disraelis – *The Queen Picnicking on the Banks of the Suez Canal,* and his *Venus Rising from the Sea* – 'the face is clearly that of the Queen. The paint has been laid on with a trowel! I understand that extra drapery was added at the request of the Home Secretary'.

What a relief, among these anecdotal painters, to come across the Iron Duke whose art, like Churchill's, seems to have owned a visual inspiration, rather than a historical or literary: 'On the canvas Wellington is all tenderness. His style is mild. Here are gentle landscapes, from the sylvan charms of Knightsbridge to the soft glens of Ulster.' Commendation to those who have supplied the above quotations – Pamela Sinclair, Albericit, Phyllis Aykroyd, Vera Telfer, Alan F. Wallis, Gloria Prince, Russell Edwards, Barbara Roe, C. J. Prebble, Blanchenaine, Nancy Gunter, Stanley J. Sharpless, H. Hardman. Prize-money to be divided equally between those printed.

CROMWELL

This same Cromwell once desired of Peter Lely (of whose new portraits I trust to write next weeke) that he should 'paint my picture trulie like me and not flatter me at all: remarke all these roughnesses, pimples, warts, and everything as you see me'. Would he but practise what he himselfe preacheth! His manner (albeit borrowed of the Dutch) suffiseth and his honestie disarmeth criticism: but all to no purpose, forasmuch as his concern lieth not with Artistic Truth but with Factitious Argument. His *Libertie Leading the People* purporteth to represent the spirit of our New Age: it achieueth the stature of a mountebank's broadsheet. In his *Laughing Cavalier* a merry Royalist seeketh to possess a humble serving-wenche: a prettye parable for the simple, in truthe, but feeble art. Nay, if this be the heighth of Master Cromwell's performance, perforce must we suggest that art needeth protectioun from its Protector.

HILARY

From a fragment of George Fox's Journal

And at the Mermaid by Charing Cross they showed pictures painted by Oliver Protector, which when I saw they struck at my life, and I was moved to declare against this man and his works. For I perceived that the dust of the eye and the pride of life would have him show to all men that he could limn as bravely as those worldly painters to whom the great ones have used to pay of their wealth for the adornment of their halls. Nor were his pictures of Holy Writ, but of naught else than flower-gardens, fishponds, great houses and empty landskips. And I cried to them that were crowded there, 'Where do we read that the prophets or Christ and his holy apostles did ever paint a picture?' And they could not answer, but with shoutings and blows thrust me rudely into the street.

LITTLE BILLEE

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE

H. Walpole to H. Mann *April,* 1742

You shall see them, child, but hasten; they will survive the late Queen just so long as the King regrets her. They adorn the pavilion she built for her books, where my father taught her the art of controlling the King. You may find them *lourd,* and the flattery too evident; the allegorical manner is less that of Rubens than of Thornhill. Beyond, in an inner room, is livelier fare. Abetted by the man who paints his steers and his stallions, my father has portrayed the authors of his political downfall – the Lords his enemies, their nephews, the Prince's *entourage* – each as an animal of some noxious kind. The King, when he saw them, fell on my father's neck, laughed, wept. Hervey, accompanying His Majesty, said Mr Pitt should be black and yellow. 'Why so?' says Lord Orford. 'A hornet,' cries Master-Miss, with his high-pitched titter. 'A hornet, of course!'

S. RADICE

DISRAELI

From THE TIMES

Mr Disraeli has always some fresh surprise for us. Dandy, novelist, orator, statesman, the Oriental visionary and anon the practical economist, he is Protean in his manifestations. Now he steps forward as a painter – 'artist' is perhaps hardly the word. Art is an exacting mistress; and Mr Disraeli has lacked the leisure to undergo that severe training which she demands. That he shows talent and imagination is what we should expect; but the talent is undisciplined, and the imagination dramatic or literary rather than visual. Oriental palaces, of questionable architecture but unquestioned magnificence; flamboyant autumnal tints, glowing on trees unknown to the botanist; gardens where flowers of all seasons bloom simultaneously to greet resplendent ladies and majestic lords – such are the scenes depicted with unflagging gusto by his facile brush. We smile, yet we are fascinated. The old magician exerts in a new medium his familiar spell.

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City Lights

Speculation on the Dole

American business is still fighting its way strongly out of the recession. The rise in the gross national product has slackened a little, but output reached a new peak level in the first quarter of this year. The character of the recovery, too, is slowly changing. It was dominated at the beginning by three factors – heavier government expenditure on defence, an increase in house building stimulated by lower mortgage rates, and a slowing in the rate at which industry was running down its accumulated stocks; when personal expenditure on consumption began to grow, it was at first largely confined to goods and services which had relatively little benefit for industry. But now, at last, Americans are beginning to feel more confident and to spend more on durable consumer goods; if the motor industry is doing less well than was hoped – though it is still doing a great deal better than last year – other industries are feeling the benefit. There are even signs of a recovery in private capital investment, which fell by 20 per cent. at the beginning of the recession and continued to fall when production generally had begun to rise again. Machine tool orders are improving, and the forecasters expect investment to have recovered by the end of the year to a level about one-third of the way back to the 1957 peak.

* * *

Production, however, has not yet recovered sufficiently to make full use of the new industrial capacity born of the investment boom. However optimistic businessmen may feel about the future, unemployment still stands at 4.75 million – over six per cent. of the labour force. In these circumstances it is odd to find the business community worried about inflation, the President vainly attempting to balance his Budget and the Federal Reserve Board pushing up the discount rate to three per cent. One element in the situation, of course, is the possibility that the end of the recession will be accompanied by a spate of new wage claims. A steel strike this summer is commonly expected, since both sides are in an intransigent mood, and the result has been a wild scramble for steel, a general rise in stocks, and a high level of activity in the steel industry which is bound to be followed by a temporary relapse.

There is little doubt that the recent Federal Reserve decision to raise discount rates once again was a conventional central banker's reaction to the changing climate of opinion, though it is clear from the manner in which the decision was announced that some members of the Board were unhappy about reacting quite so conventionally at a time when unemployment stood at over six per cent. The policies and position of the Board have come in for a good deal of criticism recently – a fact which may give Grandma some smug satisfaction – and its future relation with the Treasury is a matter open for discussion. This relation is at its most ticklish in the government bond market. The Fed has refused for some years past to interfere in the market in medium- and long-dated bonds; its recent decisions have thrown the whole market into such disorder that it has been forced temporarily to alter its policy, yet the Treasury has still found it impossible to borrow except for very short periods. Some closer relation between monetary and fiscal policy is inevitable, and the Fed is jealous of its independence. It is this, probably, which explains its recent preoccupation with the boom on Wall Street and the general flight out of fixed-interest into equity investments. Margin requirements have already been raised to 90 per cent. It is now proposed not only to tighten control over the supply of credit for buying stocks but so to alter the margin rules that any investor holding stock on less than a 90 per cent. margin must, if he sells stock, devote half the proceeds to bringing his margin nearer to 90 per cent. Wall Street has been asked to consider the proposal and give its opinion: it is unlikely to be favourable.

It is not altogether fanciful to suppose that the Fed has also had something to do with a letter recently sent out to members by the New York Stock Exchange which has created a certain amount of excitement. This contained a solemn warning about speculative activity. Wall Street, for all the strength of the business recovery, has been looking a little uneasy recently. The professionals, having held their tongues unwillingly for months in face of the inexorable rise in prices, are now beginning to wag them a little. Share-owing democracies are notoriously fickle.

* * *

The City has complained for years about the slow working of the Capital Issues Committee and the arbitrariness of its decisions. It will be interested to notice that Lord Kennet, who has been chairman since its formation, is retiring aged 80. His place is to be taken by Sir Thomas Frazer, who has also been on the Committee since its formation and who is 75.

TAURUS

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'the very thing'

(THOUGH HE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT THEY WANTED)

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The Chess Board

No. 490. The Soviet School of Chess

Is there such a thing? One may like to use the term when remembering that chess is superbly and most generously provided for by the Soviet authorities; that there are millions of organised players, 4 world champions (past, present, male, female), 19 grandmasters, and 110 masters (24 of whom hold the FIDE "International Master"-title). Being traditionally-minded the Russians like to think that the trenchant and gloriously daring style of so many of their grandmasters is modelled on good old Tchigorin, and Petrov before him, and Alekhine after him. Maybe it is, and though it may be simplest to say that in the USSR very many people spend very much time in playing very good chess, and that all this is very commendable, we might as well accept the term of the *Soviet School of Chess*, since it happens to be the title of an excellent book by *Kotov* and *Yudovich* just published by *Central Books* at the remarkably cheap price of 13s. 6d. It contains some useful historical and statistical data as well as some hints on opening theory, as developed and favoured by Soviet master-practice; but the most interesting part of the book (on more than 250 of its 390 pages) consists of biographical notes and illustrative games of all the 19 grandmasters, as well as 24 of the masters and 8 of the women-masters. With such a wealth to pick from, I might as well stick to some of the authors' own plums. Here, then, is the crucial position in Kotov-Lisitsyn, Leningrad 1939. /1r2rlkl/p2ktlppp/3plkt2/qlplplBl/blBPP2Kt/P1P5/5PPP/2Q1RRK1/. Instead of getting rid of the dangerous B by . . . B-Kt6 Black ventured . . . KP x P and was duly punished.

(1) B x Kt, Kt x B; (2) Kt-B5, R-K4; [Obviously . . . Kt x P fails against (3) R x Kt, P x R; (4) Q-Kt5, P-Kt3; (5) Q-B6 etc.]; (3) Kt x QP (6), Q x P, (4) Q-B4!, P-Q6; (5) R-K3, B-B7; (6) Kt x P, R(K)-K1; (7) P-K5!, Q-Q5; (8) Q-Kt5!, Q x B; (9) Kt-R6 ch K-B1; (10) P x Kt; P-Kt3; (11) Kt-B5!, Q-B2; (12) Kt-Q6 etc.

Now, here's Yudovich-Alortsev, Moscow, 1936:

(1) P-K4, P-K3; (2) P-Q4, P-Q4; (3) Kt-Q2, Kt-KB3; (4) P-K5, KKt-Q2; (5) B-Q3, P-QB4; (6) P-QB3, Kt-QB3; (7) Kt-K2, Q-Kt3; (8) Kt-B3, P-B3; (9) KP x P, Kt x BP; (10) 0-0, B-Q3; (11) Kt-B4!, 0-0; (12) R-K1, R-K1; (13) Kt-Kt5! B x Kt; (14) B x B, P-KR3; (15) Kt-B3, Q x P; (16) P x P, Q x BP; (17) R-QB1, Q-Kt5; (18) B-Q6, Kt-K3; (19) B x Kt, P x B; (20) Kt-K5, Kt x Kt; (21) B x Kt, Q-Kt4; (22) R x P, R-K2; (23) R-KKt4, Q-K1; (24) R-B3, B-Q2; (25) R(B)-KKt3, P-KKt4; (26) P-KR4, B-B3; (27) P x P, P-KR4; (28) R-KR4, R-Q1; (29) Q x P, Q x Q; (30) R x Q, R-R2; (31) R x R, K x R; (32) P-Kt6 ch, K-R3; (33) P-Kt7, R-KKt1; (34) B-Q6!, resigns.

Finally here's a game won by the women's world champion Bykova at Moscow, 1954.

(1) P-K4, P-K4; (2) Kt-KB3, Kt-QB3; (3) B-Kt5, P-QR3; (4) B-R4, Kt-B3; (5) 0-0, P-Q3; (6) B x Kt ch, P x B; (7) P-Q4, P x P; (8) Kt x P, P-B4; (9) Kt-KB3, B-K2; (10) P-K5, Kt-Kt5; (11) B-B4, 0-0; (12) Kt-B2, B-Kt2; (13) P x P, P x P; (14) Kt-Q5, B x Kt; (15) Q x B, Kt-B3; (16) Q-Q3, P-Q4; (17) KR- K1, R-K1; (18) QR-Q1, Q-Kt3; (19) P-QKt3, P-Q5?; (20) Kt-K5, Q-Kt4; (21) Q-KB3, B-Q3; (22) P-QR4, Q-Kt1; (23) Kt-B6, Q-B2.

How White now forced speedy resignation may serve as **A**, the 4-pointer for beginners.

Kasparyan, of course, is mentioned in the book in his double capacity as a master-player and a great composer. So it seems only fitting for me to pick one of his most famous studies, along with one of the earlier Russian classics. Both wins (6 & 7 ladder-points). Usual prizes. Entries by 13 April.

B: V. & M. Platov
1906

C: R. M. Kasparyan
1947

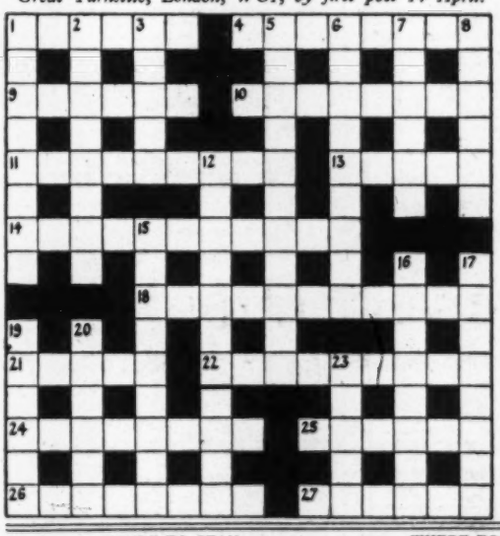
REPORT on No. 487. Set 14 March

A: (1) . . . P-K5?; (2) RxKt!, PxR; (3) BxP ch, and wins a piece.
B: (1) B-K2!, Q-K5; (2) Q-K8 ch, K-Q4; (3) B-B3, QxB; (4) Q-QR8 ch.
If (2) . . . K-B4; (3) B-Q3, QxB; (4) Q-Kt6 ch etc.
If (1) . . . Q-B4; (2) B-Kt4 and Q-QB8; if (1) . . . Q-Q4; (2) B-B4 and Q-Kt8 ch. If (1) . . . QxB; (2) Q-K8 ch etc.
C: (1) R-R5 ch, K-K3 (best); (2) B-Kt3 ch, P-Q4; (3) RxP, QxBP (best); (4) P-Q4! (thr. R-K5 ch etc.), P-B4; (5) P-K4!, QxP (b2); (6) R-Q6 ch!, KxR; (7) P-K5 ch, K-B3; (8) P-Q5 mate.

Many correct solutions (and a perfect analysis of **A** only from 8-year-old Stephen Dilke of Glasgow). Prizes: E. A. Barclay-Smith, R. C. Chaturvedi, C. Sansom, A. J. Sobey, M. B. Yeats. ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 349

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 349, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 14 April.



ACROSS

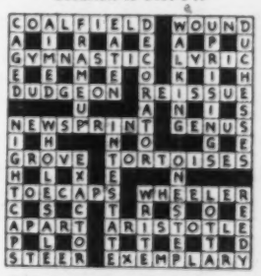
1. Cautious for a detective (6).
4. Operations in which a soldier retreats in a vessel on the river (8).
9. Greek home with gold (6).
10. The supporter is changed and there (8).
11. If in a complication of the erratic, he is a mechanic (9).
13. Escape an era in the time before (5).
14. Small money comes before gold for fine writing (11).
18. Without a varied trial the flavours would serve for know-alls (11).
21. A foot is normally attached to the middle of this verse (5).
22. Money for an almost new writer in agreeable circumstances (9).
24. Point which is completely occupied with work on either side of the street (8).
25. '"Brutus" will start a —— as soon as "Caesar"' (*J. Caesar*) (6).
26. Nominally identical, he is potentially mean with the drink (8).
27. They make one razor keen for the return of healthy exercise (6).

DOWN

1. The supporter is on the ball in this form of entertainment (8).
2. Sights a vessel coming up where passengers wait (8).
3. Distant as a half-wit climbing (5).
5. Society not alarmed, curiously enough, although there have been protests here (11).
6. Bit by bit it sounds as if there is calm before dinner (9).
7. Fine headgear without the poles is an arctic feature (6).
8. Catch the girl lower (6).
12. It is fitting in a murderer to prepare food for an explorer (7, 4).
15. Lamb's kind (9).
16. Coins are changed in the basis of a film (8).
17. This stands up to fire, like the finest sailor (8).
19. What twenty may do for a Birkenhead in the study (6).
20. A noisy place which may be blamed (6).
23. This bird has a spot on it (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 347



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 347

N. Doncaster (*Baldock*)
D. P. Martindale (*Shaftesbury*)
J. A. Valentine (*Valetta*)

WHERE TO STAY

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WHERE TO STAY—continued

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SPRINGTIME in Paris. Stay at Hotel de Bordeaux*, Latin quarter, recently modernised. Cent. htg, c.h.w., baths. English spoken. 550-800 francs nightly. 28 rue de la Montagne Ste Genevieve, Paris V.

POSITANO: villa has vacs. July to Oct. Full pension. Mod. rates. Box 7177.

COTE d'Azur. Typical Provençal hotel. Beautiful, quiet site above sandy beach. Modern comforts, 1st-class cuisine. Casino, dancing. Reduced rates up to end of June. Illus. brochure: Ermitage, Bandol (Var).

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

MRS Jolly will type or duplicate it for you. 26 Charing Cross Road, WC2. TEM. 5588 and FRE. 8640.

FOR rapid and reliable duplicating & typing, reports, theses, references, plays, etc., Abbey Secretarial Bureau, 4 Victoria St, SW1. Rush jobs undertaken. ABB. 3772.

ALL Types of Typewriting and Duplicating done directly. MSS, Plays, Scripts, Short Stories, etc. Speed is the keynote of our efficient, faultless, inexpensive service. Colinad Co., Ltd, 117 City Rd, EC1. CLE. 9637 (3 doors from Old St Tube Stn).

APOLLO Agency for typewriting, duplicating and all secretarial services. 18 Hanover St, W1. MAYfair 5091.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS—continued

LOOKS like print! New style duplicating by Susan Tully, 63 Wigmore St, W1. HUN. 9893. And standard typewriting service.

GERMAN/Eng. translations. George, Cecil House, Vale Rd, Ash Vale, Aldershot.

JEAN McDougall for typing translations, 24-hour duplicating service, 31 Kensington Church St, London, W8. WES. 5809.

FOOD AND DRINK

GREEK Rest, White Tower, 1 Percy St, W1. MUSeum 8141. Open till 10 p.m.

WIN friends and influence people. Do it the easy way with superb El Cid Sherry. That's the light, yet full-bodied, Amontillado that is number one Ambassador of Goodwill wherever it is served.

APFELSTRUDEL (also pastry), rum baba, dobos, french pastries, paklava, birthday & wedding cakes – reasonable prices at Pittas patisserie, 3 Percy St, nr Tott. Ct. Rd.

CAFFEINE-Free Tea and practically no tannin. Recommended for people suffering from heart or digestive troubles. Delightful flavour and aroma. Price 2s. 3d. 1lb., plus 9d. p. & p. Available: Seventh Heaven Products, 18 Rupert St, London, W1.

SCHOOLS

MONKTON Wyld School, Charmouth, Dorset, school farm, TT cows, All-round practical and cultural educ. for boys & girls 9-18. Principals Carl & Eleanor Urban.

FOR freedom and self-government, Kilquhanity House, Castle Douglas, Scotland, Boys and Girls from 3 years. Headmaster: John H. Aitkenhead, MA, Ed.B.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS
cost 6s. per line (average six words) minimum two lines. Box number 2s. 6d. Semi-display, giving greater prominence 90s. per inch. Copy by Tuesday first post can normally be inserted same week.
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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

THE BRITISH EPILEPSY ASSOCIATION requires
1. Secretary shorthand-typist to take charge of small office and act as personal assistant to the General Secretary.
2. Book-keeper, able to take responsibility for corres. with subscribers and donors. Salary in each case according to experience and qualifications. Five-day week and generous holidays. Apply to Gen. Secretary, 27 Nassau Street, W1.

FOREIGN Office Research Department: Research Assistants, 10 posts (1 in Grade I, 2 in Grade II, 7 in Grade III) for men or women at least 28 (Grades I or II) or 23 (Grade III) on 1.4.59 for research on historical background and current developments in foreign countries. Qualifications: normally at least 2nd class honours degree. For some posts, sound reading knowledge of Arabic, Chinese, Japanese, or a Slavonic language essential. Knowledge of other languages and peoples desirable. London salary scales (men): Grade I £1,750–£2,000; Grade II £1,150–£1,660; Grade III £610 (23) to £675 (25 or over) rising to £1,085. Write Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W1, for application form, quoting 4958/59. Closing date 30 April, 1959.

BBC requires General Programme Producer in Aberdeen. Duties include production of varying types of programme for Scottish Home Service and contributing to other Sound Services; responsibility for collection of material and production of magazine programmes initially for the area served by the VHF transmitter at Meldrum; contributing ideas for television programmes. Good education, organising ability, and knowledge of Scottish life, customs and affairs, particularly in Aberdeenshire and surrounding area essential. Experience in the entertainment field, theatre or broadcasting, would be valuable. Ability to drive a car and a clean driving licence are necessary. Salary £1,105 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by seven annual increments to £1,550 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.1066 N.Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

VICTORIA University of Wellington, New Zealand. Reference Librarian. Applications are invited for the above position. Applicants should be graduates with some previous experience of reference work. It would be an advantage if applicants had some Library School training. The salary will be at the rate of £810 per annum, rising to £1,000 per annum. The initial salary will be determined according to the qualifications and experience of the appointee. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in New Zealand and London, on 31 May 1959.

THE University of Hull. Applications are invited for an Assistant Lectureship in Economics, tenable from 1 October 1959. Salary scale £700 × £50 – £850 per annum, with FSSU and children's allowances. Further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned to whom applications (five copies) should be sent not later than 1 May 1959. W. D. Craig, Registrar.

CITY of Leicester Education Committee. School Psychological Service. It is proposed to appoint a Psychologist Trainee to the above service which comprises a complete school psychological service touching every branch of the work. It functions in close association with a fully staffed Child Guidance Unit. Facilities include a day school for maladjusted children and a residential hostel for maladjusted children. The training course will last from 3-5 terms, the length depending on candidate's previous experience. Comprehensive theoretical and practical training will be given introducing the trainee to the main testing procedures, and to methods of therapy, educational guidance, and research. Applicants should hold a degree in psychology, should have appropriate previous experience (e.g. teaching) and be desirous of taking up professional psychological work with children. A maintenance allowance at the rate of £500 per annum will be paid. Applications in writing, should be made to the Director of Education, Newarke Street, Leicester, within 14 days of the appearance of this advertisement and should include the names of three persons to whom reference could be made.

FRENSHAM Heights, Rowledge, Farnham, Surrey (co-educational boarding school). Required in September, a graduate master or mistress to teach Chemistry to A and S levels. House or flat available after one year. Ability to help with Sailing Club an advantage. Burnham Scale plus. Government superannuation. Apply to the Headmaster by letter (not typed) giving details of training and experience and enclosing testimonials.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

WEST Riding County Council. The West Riding Education Committee invite applications from men or women for the post of Inspector of Schools. Full details of the post will be sent to those who apply but the main duties of the person appointed will be to serve the schools in an area by stimulating and encouraging development in them. The salary scale will be: men, £1,575 × £52 10s. to £1,837 10s.; women, £1,517 × £42 plus equal pay instalments to £1,837 10s. Application forms may be obtained from, and should be returned to, The Education Officer, County Hall, Wakefield, not later than 14 days after this advertisement appears.

CHILD Welfare Officers. Applications invited from suitably qualified persons for positions of Child Welfare Officer. Candidates selected will be based on area children's offices in the County of London and deal with reception into care, rehabilitation, boarding out, adoption, supervision and other field work associated with deprived children. As children under supervision are placed in a wide area in and around London, a considerable amount of travelling is involved, and ability to drive is desirable. Assistance towards cost of driving tuition available. Case-loads will ultimately average 50-60 each officer. Candidates should have previous experience in child care or allied social work. Possession of Home Office Certificate in Child Care, or other appropriate academic qualification an advantage. £630-£927 10s. commencing according to qualifications and experience. Opportunities for promotion to Senior Child Welfare Officer positions (£815-£1,140). Application forms (returnable by 11 April) and other details from Children's Officer (CH/E.1./603) LCC, County Hall, SE1.

PRISON and Borstal Service: Assistant Governors (men). At least 20 pensionable posts for men aged 21 or over on 1 March 1959 with good general education, who can fill responsible positions and are genuinely interested in reformative work with boys and men. Salary (London) £800 (at 25 or under) to £950 (30 or over), rising to £1,100. Free accommodation or allowance in lieu (up to £150). Promotion prospects. Write Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W1, for application form, quoting 166/59. Closing date 21 April 1959.

DEPUTY Superintendent for Nursery at Tunbridge Wells, Kent. Helping to run a nursery for 30 youngsters from 0-5 years calls for a woman who has a real understanding of children's needs, administrative ability and some knowledge of domestic management. Such a person is required to fill the position of Deputy Superintendent at our Nursery situated in attractive surroundings in Tunbridge Wells. A domestic management qualification would be an advantage. Salary £535-£607 10s. according to qualifications less £134 14s. for board, etc. Good prospects of promotion. The position is pensionable and comfortable quarters are provided. Six weeks annual leave. Closing date 10 April 1959. Applic form and further details, Children's Officer (SEDO/650), LCC, County Hall, SE1.

THE National Hospitals for Nervous Diseases. Applications are invited for the appointment of Assistant Psychologist, at The National Hospital, Queen Square, London, WC1. The appointment is full-time. An Honours Degree (or equivalent qualification) in Psychology is essential, and postgraduate research experience in experimental or clinical psychology would be an advantage. The appointment is for a period of one year in the first instance. Salary will be in accordance with the Whitley Council scale. Applications, giving the names of two referees, to be sent to The Secretary, The National Hospitals for Nervous Diseases, Queen Square, London, WC1, not later than 10 April, 1959.

YOUTH Leader, qualified and experienced, required for new full-time mixed youth club opening 1 July 1959. Married man whose wife is interested in the work essential. The post offers scope for experiment and imagination. Salary £650 p.a. plus living accommodation. Pension Scheme available. Apply in writing, with full details of age, experience and qualifications, to Mr. L. Mills, Area Youth Organiser, 2 Market Place, Frome, Somerset.

GENERAL Secretary required for a Council of Social Service in South West London area. Experienced in Citizens Advice Bureau and Case work. Salary £650 to £700 according to experience. Send full details with names of three referees to The Chairman, 96 London Road, Morden, Surrey.

THE British Society for Research in Agricultural Engineering requires a Scientific Officer (Physicist) to carry out original work in the field of grain drying, handling and storage. 1st or 2nd Class Honours Degree essential and research experience desirable, but candidates taking final degree in 1959 will be considered. Salary scale, £615-£1,090; superannuation under FSSU. Application forms from Secretary, NIAE, Wrest Park, Silsoe, Beds.

FINANCE Officer wanted for national trade union office. Applicants should be qualified accountants with experience of preparing final accounts and preferably with a good knowledge of local government superannuation and social insurance. Commencing salary £1,000 p.a., with good prospects for right person. Apply, giving full details, age, past experience, etc., to Bryn Roberts, Gen. Secy., National Union of Public Employees, Civic House, Aberdeen Terrace, SE3.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE University of Hull. Applications are invited for an Assistant Lectureship in Politics and Government, tenable from 1 October 1959. Salary scale £700 × £50 – £850 per annum, with FSSU and children's allowances. Further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned to whom applications (five copies) should be sent not later than 1 May 1959. W. D. Craig, Registrar.

RESEARCH Assistant for investigation in the field of delinquency. Appointment for one year, possibly 6-12 months extension. Salary £650 p.a. Apply, with full particulars of qualifications and experience, to: Deputy General Secretary, ISTD, 8 Bourdon Street, Davies Street, London, W1.

THE Joint Matriculation Board (Universities of Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Sheffield and Birmingham) proposes to appoint a Research Assistant (Temporary) for one year, salary range £500-£600 p.a. Details and application form may be obtained from the Secretary, 315 Oxford Road, Manchester 13. Completed forms to be returned not later than 25 April 1959.

DARTINGTON Hall School, Totnes, Devon. Required in September, or earlier if possible, resident Teacher of Music in the Junior and Middle Schools (ages 6 to 12), to give general music classes and individual lessons, preferably in the violin. Opportunity for some teaching in the Senior School.

NORTH Western Reform Synagogue, Alyth Gdns, NW11, requires qualified teacher for Religion School, Sunday mornings. Apply to Secretary.

HAMPSTEAD. Experienced Junior Mistress. Interested in independent responsible work (pref. Froebel). Recog.; Burnham Scale. St Mary's Town & Country School, 38 Eton Avenue, NW3.

HISTORY & English teacher, girls' pleasant small tutorial div's to GCE (O level), May, up to £10 morn. No duties. Box 7348.

PUBLIC Relations Officer of large voluntary youth organization requires secretary (fem.). Good shorthand, typing, English esential. Experience of youth hostelling an advantage. Good holidays, interesting work. Commencing salary £9 5s. per week. Write stating age and full details of exper to PRO, Youth Hostels Assocn, St Albans, Herts.

TRADE Union Office requires competent shorthand-typist. Committee experience desirable. Salary £9 17s. to £12 1s. per week. 5-day week, pension scheme. Phone GRO. 4761 for interview.

HOUSING Management. There are training vacancies in various parts of England for an interesting and varied career in the management of housing estates. Bursaries available. Further details from the Secretary, Society of Housing Managers, 13 Suffolk St, Pall Mall East, SW1.

YOUNG lady assistants with some knowledge of crafts required for handicrafts showroom. Congenial surroundings and good prospects. Apply The Manageress, Dryad Handicrafts, 93 Gt Russell St, WC1.

SIX-year-old twins and father req. responsible housekeeper take charge of mod. house Wembley. Daily help kept. Box 7313.

PART/whole-time housekeeper wanted for barrister's family, NW11. Box 7171.

CARDIFF Solicitors require young solicitor or unadmitted clerk. Must be competent conveyancing draftsman. Progressive salary in the £900-£1,200 per annum range & beyond according to experience & ability. Excellent prospects. Box 7181.

AUTHOR, Hampstead area, reqs Secretary. Fast shorthand & typing essential, also ability to write. Salary by arr. Box 7299.

YOUNG man required for handicrafts showroom. Interesting and progressive position for someone with ability to teach or demonstrate crafts. Apply The Manageress, Dryad Handicrafts, 93 Gt Russell St, WC1.

FIRST-class private secretary required by Managing Director of small organisation: knowledge of office routine desirable: age 35/45: salary £500 to £600. Apply Box 7419.

EXPERIENCED secretary, over 30 prefd, reqd to assist Managing Director with elegant office in Mayfair. Good salary according to exp. & ability. Apply Mabel Eyles, 10 Beaconsfield Road, N11, ENT. 3324.

PERS. sec., TV, lit. & practical work, s/hand typ., if pos. bk'kg. Box 7341.

PART-time private secretary required by Director in firm of publishers in London (Mayfair). Two weeks every month, £250 per annum. Good general knowledge, shorthand, typing dictaphone. Permanent, interesting work. Write Box 7297.

GERMAN shorthand-typist for interesting part-time work (two to three days per week) required. Apply Box 7296.

PART-time Sec. for inventor, 3-4 afternoons p.w. Kensington area. WES. 1302.

TEMPORARY jobs. Competent Sh./hand & Copy/typists wanted, weeks, months. Telephone Miss Topham of Duttons Agency, 92 Gt Russell St, London, WC1. MUS. 7379.

SECRETARY afternoons for editor WC1. £4. Box 7414.

EMBASSY requires woman secretary 24-30, pref. with diplomatic exp. Apply Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUNter 0676.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

PENGUIN Books require someone in their Publicity Department to look after the covers of their books. This job includes blurb-writing, preparing the end-pages of advertising in the books, and attending to all the routine work involved. Applications in writing to Publicity Manager, Penguin Books Limited, Harmondsworth, Middlesex.

ASSISTANT Housemothers, resident, required for interesting work in Children's Homes with boys and girls aged 5-15 years. Training or experience desirable but not essential. Separate bedroom and good holidays. Minimum salary £30 16s 8d per month, less valuation of emoluments. Apply Children's Officer, Essex County Council, 220 London Road, Chelmsford.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

EMPLOYERS seeking able office staff, m. or f., are invited to consult Stella Fisher Bureau, 436 Strand, WC2.

BIRTH

MELANIE Olivia Marston was born on 17 March at UCH. She is now living with Gabi and Ron at 87 Coleraine Road, SE3.

HOLIDAY TRAVEL

20 DAYS RUSSIA 59 GNS

There is still time to join our special tour to Leningrad and Moscow for May Day Celebrations. Leaving London 23 April, by Soviet Liner. Apply immediately for full details and visa forms to

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FRENCH Holidays Suit Your Pocket. Not everybody can afford the luxury France provides so readily, but nothing prevents even those of very modest means from enjoying holidays in this 'playground of Europe'. A leaflet summarising 100 holidays offered by 23 British agencies at 71 different destinations will be sent on request. Prices, fully inclusive even of transport, begin as low as £15 18s. From festival of international standing to charming little local fete, there is always something worth while to see and do in France; the gay, colourful booklet 'Calendar of Events' is also yours for the asking. For the motorist, concession-rate petrol cheques are available on presentation of an International Insurance Certificate. No customs documents are needed. The 'freedom of the road' still has its full meaning on France's immense road network. Prices are lower with the new rate of exchange giving 70 francs for every shilling. The priced list of Brittany hotels will encourage you to choose that picturesque land of perfect beaches. Write for these or other documents to the French Government Tourist Office, 178 Piccadilly, London, W1.

TURKEY. Personally conducted aircruise visiting Belgrade, Istanbul, Izmir, Salonika, Naples 26 Sept./10 Oct. First-class hotels. Excursions included 96 gns. Esmitours, 50 Northey Avenue, Cheam, Surrey.

INDIA, Ceylon, Malaya, Australia. Passage available to Bombay, £53 10s. Colombo, £56 10s. Singapore, £81 10s. Sydney via Panama £150. Indian National Travels Ltd, 25 Bloomsbury Way, Lon, WC1. HOL. 1193.

BASQUE Coast, Hendaye. 15 days' camp tour, dep. 1 Aug. £25. Also other dates; details s.a.e. Box 7245.

YOUTH Holidays in the USSR August/September: Moscow/Leningrad 10 days £65 approx.* Moscow/Caucasus 16 days £77 approx.* Moscow/Crimea 16 days £79 approx.* *Includes 10 roubles a day pocket money. Summer Youth Camp in Czechoslovakia, August-September. 10 days in beautiful Bohemia & 4 days in Prague. Swimming – Boating – Outings – Films. Cost £37 10s. For further information please send s.a.e. to: BYFC Tour, 351, Goswell Road, London, EC1.

POLISH Exchange Holiday in the beautiful Tatra Mountains of Southern Poland, from 18 July-3 August, including two days E/W Berlin. Cost £45. Apply now (ages 20/30): Peter Read, 32 Tavistock Sq., WC1.

PROTRAVEL have something for everyone. Write now for your copy of our 1959 booklet, 'Better Holidays', Protravel (NS), 12 Gt Castle St, Oxford Circus, London, W1 (behind Peter Robinson). LANgham 3101.

PS. Harold Ingham has arranged two special 'Economy Tours' to Athens (outward travel by Venice, homeward by Rome) at a cost of 49 gns. for 18 days. Information on these and many other parties to follow Art and Architecture and Language Courses and to listen to Music abroad may be obtained from Harold Ingham Ltd, 15 St John's Road, Harrow. HARrow 1040.

SUMMER SCHOOLS—continued from p. 492

SPEND an interesting week in Germany at an NCLC Summer School near Frankfurt. Fee, including board, accommodation, tuition, excursions and air travel from London only £26 10s. Lectures in English. Weeks available are from 27 June to 4 July and from 4 to 11 July. Send £3 booking fee to J. P. M. Millar, General Secretary, National Council of Labour Colleges, Tillicoultry, Scotland.

GUITAR Summer School; Drama & Living Research; Destiny of Man, etc. Holiday courses at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

FURN. bed sitting room, cooking fac., water, etc. Golders Green. MEA. 3886.

BOARDING accommodation with social amenities for ladies & gentlemen under 35, from 52s. 6d. to 90s. partial board. Applic. forms & information: Belsize Residential Clubs, 13 Belsize Ave, NW3.

INTERNATIONAL Residential Club, 200 dble & sgle rooms, £4 10s. full board. 12 Parkhill Rd, East Croydon. CRO. 2634.

HIGHGATE. Nr tube & buses, 2-room flat-let. 2 divans. Light, hot water, own cooker. 70s. p.w. FIT. 0952 (evenings).

FIRST-floor furnished suite to let, near Lord's Cricket Ground. Suitable business couple. Two rooms, kitchen, bathroom, 10 guineas weekly. Telephone business hours weekday other than Wed. PRImrose 9751.

BAYSWATER. Comfortable, single divan-room, basin, c.h.w.; elec. fire, share large kitchen one other person: linen, china. £3 incl. heat. Box 7172.

HIGHGATE. Sunny divan room, use of kitchen etc. MOU. 3676.

SUNNY b/s. suit bus. woman, convs, 14 minutes Victoria £2 2s. POL. 7547.

ELEGANT room, redec. priv. res. (workers). Quite free use kit., etc. Secluded gdn. Daily serv. & all oddments, £3. Cent. Friendly details apprec. Box 7365.

REGENT'S Pk. Large, attractive bed-sit. £3 10s., inc. htg, bthrm. EUS. 3852.

MUSWELL Hill: attrac. pt-furn. flatlet. 3 rooms, h. & c., frig., tel., use of gdn. 70s. Suit couple or two friends. TUD. 7528.

S/C furn. flat, b/s. rm & kit. Suit one. Mod. tent. Quiet house. LAD. 3031.

STUDIO with furn. bedroom, all facs, NW2. £4 p.w. After 7 p.m. GLA. 9088.

VERY large sunny bed-sit., fine view, meter; employed lady only. TUD. 8160.

HIGHGATE Woods Sunny 2 rmd flat, fine view, own lav. Empl'd lady. TUD. 8160.

S/C. furnd flat, dble bedroom, living-rm, facing Hampstead Heath, bath-cum-kit. 6 gns. week. View evgs/wk-ends. SWI. 3521.

SHARE lady's warm mansion flat by West-minster Cathedral offd prof lady. Lge div sit-room, heating, light, cleaning, use k. & b. C.h.w. Complete privacy. Cater sep. £21 p.m. Lift, porters, tel. Box 7406.

WANTED, 1 or 2 girls (20's) to share Richmond flat with 2 others. £1 16s. each. Ring TWI. 4739.

FINCHLEY Rd. Attractive nicely furnished flat, double bed-sitting room, communicating kit./dining room, const. hot water, £5 10s. Crediton Hill, NW6. HAM 2854.

CANONBURY – s/c. furn. garden flat, 2 rooms, k. & b., own entrance. Phone, frig. 6 gns. CAN. 8923.

WELL-Furn. sgle b/s-rm. Mod., quiet, clean hse. C.h.w., linen, ser. HAM 8698.

GROUND-floor room to let, suitable musician. Ring WILlesden 3702.

ST John's Wood. In sup. res., charm. furn., strict. sep. room, facing south, overl. gdns, absolute quiet, 3 gns incl. el., lin., some service. Usual facils. Suit bus/pro. MAI. 5647.

3RD person (m) prof., share with 2 others, early 20's, pleas. flat W11. £3 p.w. plus light. Apply 25 Colville Rd, Holland Park. Durability an essential. Box 7390.

STH Kensington, furnished accom. available term-time only. Sit./room, bedroom, kit'ette, share bath, tel. 5 gns. wk. Box 7326.

BLUTHNER Grand, one sitting room, one bedroom, use kitchen, bath. Generous practising facilities for music lover. Phone FIN. 5507 after 6 p.m.

TECHNOLOGIST offers share flat SW, prof. man or student, own two rooms, furn. or unf., close tube. Box 7306.

FURNISHED flat 15 min. West End. 2 rooms, own kit./bathroom. GUL. 1758.

FURNISHED bedsitter in bachelor's contemporary house at Richmond, use bath & kitchen. Would suit student or foreigner learning English. 63s. p.w. Box 7154.

ATTRACT. b/s. and facilities, family flat, lady, reasonable, mid-Apr. PAR. 7591.

GOOD room, share kit., bath, gdn. £2 10s. incl. Friendly house. BAT. 5875.

DOES anyone wish rent 3 rooms, kitchen, unf., partly furn. (share bath) as country retreat, in charming period house 50 miles London. 3 gns. p.w. Box 7212.

SUIT woman writer. One or two partly furn. single rooms, box room cooking facils. One room £1, two rooms 30s. Cummings, St Ives, Silver Street, Braunton, Devon.

HOLIDAY Flatlets in country house, overlooking N. Devon surfing beach, 8 gns. a wk. Duncan, Welcombe, Bideford.

SUNNY top flat, wide coast views. Free May, July. 3 Trefusis Terrace, Exmouth.

JERSEY. Furnished one-rmd cott. Sleep 2. Nr sea. Moderate. Maupertuis Farm.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

BBC woman executive requires large semi- or unfurn. room (basin, cooking facs) use bath in quiet house W1 or SW1. Write, Box 325, c/o Geeden's, 76 Strand, WC2.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED—continued

PAINTER (f.) wants large unfurn. 2/3 rm flat/studio; ckg facs, use b., gdn, SW1, 3, 11, N7, EC1, 2/Greenwich pref. Box 7285.

PROVINCIAL University Lecturer and wife require permanent accommodation in London for vacations. Any ideas? Box 7221.

PROFESSIONAL woman requires quiet, pleasant furnished flat. Box 7373.

PROPERTIES TO LET

TO let beside West Looe River, mod. furn. cottage, ditto bungalow, Shallowpool, nr Looe, Cornwall. Phone Looe 278.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

HOUSE in Guildford with Chelsea touch. 7 rooms, pleas. mod. int. Quiet road, 8 min. Station & High St. Freehold £3,300. Guildford 4149 or Box 7305.

LAND WANTED

IS your garden too big? Advertiser (not Agent) wants building plot 20 miles Lon. for mod. small house or bungalow. Box 7230.

PERSONAL

AUTHOR going abroad can't bear to see his perfect secretary wasted on commerce. If anyone needs an intelligent, well-groomed Assistant, please contact Box 7375.

FILM Editor, wife and toddler, will exchange maisonette 18 July two weeks. Country or seaside. Occasional baby-sitter supplied and wanted. White, 127 Constantine Road, Hampstead, London, NW3.

AMERICAN stud., female, 22, interested in theatre, art, architecture & people, sks companion (f.) for a hitch-hiking ramble around Eng. starting mid-April. Box 7331.

BACHELOR seeks companion (m.) to visit Greece, starting soon. Box 7330.

WOMAN, 30, wishes to travel by car to Yugoslavia or near, late Aug./Sept., share expenses. Box 7332.

COLLECTOR buying European relig. art, particularly sculpture; cash. Box 7302.

GIRL, early 20's (Jewish), vegetarian—interested music particularly Slavonic, and walking, would like to meet others of similar interests. Box 7227.

CLERGYMAN, 39, & wife would like to run home/hostel. Wide exp. Box 7222.

YNG man, 29, driving Spain 2-3 wks in Summer sks congen. comp. (m). Box 6949.

SWED. Student wishes to come 'Au Pair' to Padstow, fond of children. Middle of May for two months. Box 7252.

FAMILY NS-minded, with children, sought to keep paying French boy 10, July-September. Write Brunn, 60 rte des Gardes, Meudon (S. et O.).

COMMUNITY Living. Even more participants required for grouping with like-minded people of whatever views. Also London group is seeking more members who can share in house purchase (possibly NW). Lack of accommodation is holding things up. Details: John Cooper, 54 Hillfield Rd, NW6.

ORIGINAL themes required for half-hour TV film series. Not scripts, not stories. Box 7398.

APPLICATIONS are invited from persons with musical knowledge (classical or jazz) and able to write authoritatively on stereophonic reproduction – with own equipment. Write Box 7355.

WE meet to explore and promote progressive ideas in a pleasant and friendly atmosphere. Write Sec. (D), Progressive League, 20, Buckingham St, WC2.

ANTIBES, furnished accommodation, artist's house. Box 6813.

MARK Gerson, Photographer, has moved his studio to 16 Woodstock St, Mayfair. W1. MAY. 0609. Price list on request.

BEAUTIFUL Gifts from many countries on sale Mahatma Gandhi Hall, Fitzroy Square, W1. Friday 10 April from 7 p.m.-10 p.m., Saturday 11 April, 10 a.m.-5 p.m. British Peace Committee.

DO you read, think, discuss? Then you would enjoy the year's course at Hillcroft for women over 20. Cultural and social subjects and fully residential. Grants available. Recognised by Ministry of Education. Consult Secretary (NS), Hillcroft College, South Bank, Surbiton, Surrey.

YOUR hair at its loveliest! Models required for Perming, Colour Rinsing and Bleaching. Nichol Cold Wave, Bio-Colour semi-perm rinses, also Oil Bleach. Apply Demonstrator, 51 Regent St, W1. REG 1973.

HAMPSTEAD Heath? Visit studio 14 Parliament Hill. Prue Prints original lively designs, makes Italian-type shirts, skirts, tablemats, divan covers. 'Phone SWI. 4924.

PERSONAL—continued

ALEXANDER Technique, Eric de Peyer, 7 Wellington Sq., SW3. SLO. 3141.

OPTIMISTIC cynic re. results (national) of Personal 14th, 21st, 28th. Further welcome replies will give H. Carter, 94 Church Rd, Richmond, 'a cynicosis' (acute!). O'Henry twist next week.

GUITAR Lessons. Classical. Chesnakov, 48a Cathcart Rd, SW10. FLA. 4354.

MAKE the Irving Theatre Bar, Leicester Square, a meeting place for your friends. Open from 3 p.m. until midnight. Annual Bar membership 10s.

ROYAL Jelly, the fabulous Queen Bee Milk will put an end to winter blues. Packed as a tonic food in Clover Honey from our own hives, a 21-day course costs 42s. From Nectarene Royal Jelly Products, The Honey Farm, Aberayron 4, Cardiganshire.

INTELLIGENCE. May we test yours? Mensa needs more very bright people for postal research panel. 9"×4" S.a.e.: MSA 'Sandringham', Briscoe Rd, Rainham, Essex.

KNOW-How means Writing Success for you. No Sales – No Fees tuition. Gift Year's Subscription to Britain's foremost magazine for Writers, also Free Writing Ability Test. N.2 'Know-How Guide to Writing Success' from B.A. School of Successful Writing Ltd, 124 New Bond Street, London, W1.

PUBLISHERS would consider scripts on Educational Subjects: Languages, Commerce, Adult Education, etc. Synopsis and 1st lesson to Box 6732.

FOREIGN girls seek domestic posts, preferably au pair. Anglo-Continental Bureau, 148 Walton Street, SW3. KEN. 1586.

GERMAN for GCE. Language/literature all levels. Native teachers. Ashley College, GER. 8782.

EXPERIENCED Journalist writes speeches, reports, articles, books. Box 6365.

MASSAGE for health & fitness relieves nervous tension. HAM. 2514, 1-5 p.m.

FOREIGN girls domest. and willing avail. (1) 'au pair', (2) requiring free board & lodg in exch. 4 hrs help, (3) also small contribution for board and lodg & 2 hrs help. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd, SW7.

LETTICE Ramsey, Photographer. Please arrange London apmts through Ramsey & Muspratt, P.O. Terrace, Cambridge 4633.

DEANER Printers, Ltd, for printing of Reports, Pamphlets, Leaflets & all Commercial Stationery, etc. 49 Hackney Rd, E2, SHOreditch 3889/6040.

CONTINENT. Attractive posts for girls avail. Also wanted, p.g. accommodation and exchanges seaside/country for students. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd, London, SW7.

TV Urgently Needs Scripts! Our correspondence course can teach you to earn big money by writing TV scripts that sell. Individual and practical coaching by experts. Free Prospectus from Dept 104, Television Writing School, 7 Harley St, London, W1.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd, Chronicle House, Fleet St, EC4. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We also offer an interesting booklet giving details and fees for our Courses & Criticisms, and success letters from students.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, S. Kensington, SW7. KENsington 8042.

CHRONIC Catarrh is commonly treated with drugs, inhalants, gargles, sprays, cauterisation and even surgery but, withal, the condition – the implacable enemy of fitness, activity, happiness (and beauty) – remains. Garlisol tablets will liquefy catarrh and purify and clear the whole system. Entirely harmless and benevolent; no drug reaction on the heart or any other organ. Not habit-forming. Send 52s. 6d. today for 1,000 Garlisol tablets (six months' supply) with informative booklet of home treatment and dietary advice. – Garlisol Natural Remedies, Fairlight, Sussex.

DUREX gloves and rubber surgical appliances sent under plain cover. Write or call for our free price list now. Fiertag, Dept N.N., 34 Wardour St, London, W1.

DAVIES Investments Limited, Bankers, still offer 7½% on sums £20 to £500 (withdrawal on demand) with extra ½% on each £500 unit – details from Investment Dept N, Davies Investments Ltd, Danes Inn House, 265 Strand, London, WC2.

WRITE for Profit. Send today for interesting free booklet. Regent Institute (Dept. E/191), Palace Gate, London, W8.

PERSONAL—continued

BED and breakfast in private villa (A.M. France) of N.S. reader, two minutes walk sea. June (best summer month) and October onwards only. Moderate charges. Please give full particulars party and dates. Box 7377.

HOUSE Party Holidays. You and your family will enjoy an informal summer house party holiday for professional people at one of our attractive centres by the sea in Cornwall, Norfolk or Sussex. A host will arrange social activities, dancing, excursions; and tennis is available in the grounds. Special features: supervision of children; foreign language practice; family, children, students and group reductions; photographers' week-end. Fully inclusive costs from £3 (week-ends), 8½ gns per week. We also hold house parties in Austria, Italy, Switzerland and Sweden. Details of our British and Continental holidays from Erna Low Travel Service, 47(NS) Old Brompton Road, London, SW7. KEN. 0911 & 8891.

FEW young people over 16 to complete 'Teenage' party to Adriatic Riviera, Italy. Eighteen days from Mon. 17 Aug. £28 10s. all-in. Gd pensione. H. F. Caister. PAL. 7528.

ITALIAN Riviera: fully equipped flats to let nr sea, sleep 3/9. Reas. Box 7307.

HUMANISM, a modern outlook. Write to Ethical Un, 13 Prince of Wales Tce, W8.

SIMON Dewes, Author of best sellers, advises on your MSS: The Forge, Kettleburgh, Suffolk.

QUAKERISM. Information respecting the faith & practice of the Religious Society of Friends free on application to Friends Home Service Committee, Friends House, Euston Road, NW1.

OUR Next-Day-Printing Service aims to despatch your Business Stationery the day after receipt of order. Prices: Lowest that good quality allows. Write DDP, Millhams St, Christchurch, Hants.

LYRICS and sketches required. Scripts to Irving Theatre, Leicester Square, WC2.

PLANNED Family Requisites. List s.a.e. Surgical Stores, 10a Dartmouth Rd, SE23.

PRINTING with Personality – at country prices. The Priory Press, Malvern.

FAMILY Planning requisites by post anywhere. Booklet, price list free under sealed cover. Premier Laboratories Ltd, 315/46 Grays Inn Rd, London, WC1.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

IS Africa with us? 'Crossbow', the Bow Group quarterly of Tory ideas studies this question in an important series of articles on Britain's approach to the uncommitted world. Authors include P. T. Bauer and A. D. Dodds-Parker, MP; articles include 'Whom should we aid?' and 'Meeting Krushchev'. In the April issue, out next week. 3s. a copy. 10s. p.a. 'Crossbow', Room 3, 22 St Giles' High Street, WC2.

JAMES Cameron is off to Tibet. Read his reports in the 'News Chronicle'.

CENTRAL Books announce the transfer of their shop, owing to LCC clearance, from 2 Parton St (closed 11 April) to 37 Grays Inn Rd (near Holborn Hall), open from Monday 13 April for your current progressive literature, the Marxist classics, and books for study, do-it-yourself, and just pleasure.

HOMOSEXUALITY in a public school treated with understanding by Roger Gellert in his frank play 'Quaint Honour'. 'No one who sees it can feel quite the same about homosexuality again – though it is by no means certain that he will be more tolerant towards its manifestations'. (Times Ed. Supp.) Write for a copy enclosing 13s. 6d., to the Sales Dept, 7 John St, WC1.

'COMMUNISM and the Left', R. P. Dutt; 'Nyasaland Massacre', H. Rathbone; 'Macmillan's Visit', Quaestor; 'Shorter Hours and the Crisis', T. F. McWhinnie. April 'Labour Monthly', 1s. 8d. or 9s. half-yearly post-free, Dept NS, 134 Ballards Lane, London, N3.

ALMOST complete series of NS & N from Jan., '39 to Oct., '47. Any offers? Woodman, 31, O.P.N., N20. HILLside 0344.

TH. Arts mag. Wanted, pre-1927 issues. Write Lawrence, 79a Deodar Rd, SW15.

'SCHOOLS Today': A topical pamphlet with an original approach has just been published on this vital question. 8d. post paid from Socialist Party of Great Britain, 52 Clapham High St, SW4.

BOOKS for Gardeners. Invaluable detailed catalogue of over 500 books now-in-print is in 'Bookguide' April issue. Most good booksellers give copies free on request or 6d. from newsagents, 6d. by post: 21 Lower Belgrave Street, London, SW1.

THE most dependable guide to good eating in Gt Britain is 'The Good Food Guide 1959/60', edited by Raymond Postgate from recommendations by Good Food Club members, published by Cassell. Previous issues are out of date and may lead to disappointment. Invest in the new edition, 7s. 6d., from all booksellers.

WHAT is this stereo? The first magazine on this subject – Stereo Sound & Music Magazine – is now on sale, 2s. 6d. Order from your newsagent or write direct to 7 Tudor Street, EC4.

BOOKS bought, Left emphasis, Van calls. Hammersmith Bookshop, W6. RIV. 6807.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION RATES

50s. by surface mail to any address in the world. (25s. for six months.)
By air mail to Europe 90s.; Middle East 98s.; N. & S. America, India & Pakistan 118s.; Australia, New Zealand, Japan, 140s.
By air express to W. Africa 90s.; E. Africa 95s.; S. Africa, India 98s.; Singapore & Malaya 105s.; Australia 130s.;
U.S.A. $9 (surface), $19 (air)

NEW STATESMAN Great Turnstile London WC1

OPERA AND BALLET

THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE
COVENT GARDEN
THE ROYAL BALLET

6 & 8 April at 7.30 — The Prince of the Pagodas

11 April at 2.15 and 7.30 — La Fête Etrange, Harlequin in April, The Lady and the Fool

COVENT GARDEN OPERA

7 & 10 April at 7.30 — Lucia di Lammermoor (in Italian)

9 April at 7.30 — A Masked Ball

COV. 1066

OPERA Circle, Sunday, 5 April, 8 p.m., 4 St James's Square, SW1. 'The Secret Marriage', by Cimarosa, intro. by Hans Ucko, illus. by Impresario Society. Partics.: Hon. Sec., 69 Kensington Court, W8. WES. 7513.

THEATRES

ARTS, TEM. 3334. Last week. 8 S. & Sn. 5 & 8. 'The Buskers', Mems.

IRVING. WHI. 8657. Glamour & Girls. 3-yr Cont. revue fr 2.30, Sn. 4. 10th Ed 11th week. Call/send 27s. 6d. for mems tkt.

ROYAL Court. SLO. 1745. 7.30 Th. 2.30 S. 5 & 8.15. 'The Long & The Short & The Tall'. Transfers New Theatre 8 April. Com. 9 April, Margaret Johnston in 'Sugar in the Morning', by Donald Howarth.

TH. Royal, E15. Closed, re-open. Tues. 8. 'Fings Ain't Wot They Used T' Be'.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. Fri. St. Sn. 7.45. 'God Bless the Guv'nor' by Ted Willis. Mems.

CONCERTS

LONDON Harpsichord Ensemble. Works by Telemann, Mozart, Beethoven, J. C. Bach. Royal Festival Hall, Recital Room, Sat. 11 April, 8.15. WAT. 3191.

APOLLO Society, Wigmore Hall, Thurs. 9 April at 7.30. Poetry and music by Shakespeare and his contemporaries. Irene Worth and George Rylands (readers), Julian Bream (lute), Osian Ellis (voice and harp). Tickets: 12s., 9s., 6s., 3s., from Box Office. (WEL. 2141.)

FOLK Music Concert with Willie Hunter — Shetland fiddler, Phoebe Smith — English gypsy singer, Jimmy Hogan — Irish accordianist, Isobel Sutherland — Scottish singer, etc. Folk Music Centre, Cecil Sharp House, 2 Regents Park Rd, NW1. 5 April 7.30. 3s. 6d. (EFDSS Membs 2s. 6d.) at door.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY Cinema (GER. 2981). Morning shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns). 'The Bolshoi Ballet' (U). Eastman colour.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Everyman Resurrection Series 2: Until 5 April: Huston's 'The African Queen' (U). From 6 April: Ford's 'The Long Voyage Home' (A).

ROXY (BAY. 2345) W/c. 5 Apl 7 days. Clark Gable, 'Band of Angels', (A). Agnes Laurent, 'The Market in Women' (X).

ICA, 17 Dover Street, W1. Dancing to Don Simmons' Group. Today Saturday 4 April 8-11 p.m. Members 3s. and their guests 5s.

SOCIAL & Dance at the Bull and Mouth, Bloomsbury Way, Sat. 4 April 8 p.m. 3s. 6d. inc. ref., Cen. London Fabian Socy.

EXHIBITIONS

TREASURES OF CAMBRIDGE
Unique collection of paintings, silver, MSS, sculpture, etc.
GOLDSMITH'S HALL
Foster Lane, Cheapside, EC2.
Daily 10.30 a.m.-6.30 p.m. (Not Sundays).
Admission 2s. 6d.

GEFFRYE Museum, E2. Paintings by Philip Sutton; 12 March to 8 April. (253.)

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century; Electricity in the Service of Medicine; and other exhibitions Mon.-Friday, 10-5. Adm. free.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St, W1. Christopher Wood. The First Retrospective Exhibition since 1938. Hrs 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Closing 8 May.

WADDINGTON Galleries, Bryan Wynter: recent paintings, 2 Cork Street, W1. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1. Last day, 4 April.

HEAL'S 1959 Designs Exhibition showing trends in furniture and furnishing. Catalogue available, Heal's, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W1. MUSeum 1666.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George St, W1. Signori - Sculpture. Anita De Caro - Collages. To 1 May 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

ST George's Gallery. Ceri Richards - The Hammerklavier Theme: 6 new lithographs with associated collages. 1-25 April, 10-6, 10-1. 7 Cork St, W1. REG. 3660.

GALLERY One, 20 D'Arblay St, W1. 1st One-Man Show by Donald Cammell.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

ICA, 17 Dover Street, W1. Man Ray: Retrospective, Including Paintings, Photographs, Objects, Drawings. Until 25 April. Weekdays 10-6, Saturdays 10-1. Admission 1s. Members free.

ZWEMMER'S, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. Paintings, Fred Uhlman, Carel Weight, ARA. From 7 April.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Paintings by Edgard Pillet. Till 18 April. Daily 10 a.m. - 6 p.m. exc. Sun.

FRANCIS Gruber: An Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Till 3 May. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Sun. 2-6. Admission 1s.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: The Graven Image: An exhibition of recent prints and drawings by British artists. Opens 9 April. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mons, Adm. free. Adjoins Aldgate E. Stn.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock Street, W1. MAYfair 4419. 6 April-17 April. Macmiadhachain, Strannik - Paintings. Donald Brook - Sculpture. 10-6. Sats. 10-1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

Universities and Left Review Club
'THE MASS PERSUADERS: TELEVISION' - a panel discussion.
BRIAN GROOMBRIDGE, PADDY WHANNEL, CHARLES PARKER.
The Marquee (next Academy Cinema), Oxford St, W1. Mon. 6 April, 7.30. 2s. Mems 1s.

LONDON-Australian Labor Party Club: monthly meeting Sunday, 5 April, 3.30 p.m. 'Left-wing Literature in Australia': Alex Sheppard (Australian author and publisher). Left Book Centre, 7 Carlisle St, W1. All Australians and others welcome.

FRIENDS House, Euston Road, NW1. Sunday 5 April at 6.30 p.m. 'Meeting Men Where They Are'. Edgar G. Dunstan.

BRAINS Trust, Hampstead Town Hall (opp. Belsize Park Tube), Thurs., 9 April, 8 p.m., Dr Donald Soper, John Stonehouse, MP, Stephen Swingler, MP, Dr David Pitt. Adm. free. Hampstead Labour Party.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gardens, W11. PARk 7696. Fri., 3 April, 8 p.m. Mrs M. Hussey 'Russia, Siberia, China - My 1958 Journey' (slides). Fri., 10 April, 8 p.m. Dr N. Zernov, 'Spirit of Russian Orthodoxy'. At 46 Ladbroke Grove, Tues, 7 April, 8 p.m. N. A. Medvedev 'Visit to Moscow after Half Century's Absence' (in Russian).

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

'TIME Out of War' at the Chelsea Town Hall Film Show, 8 April. See CND advertisement, page 476.

WEA London District Rally, Bedford College, Saturday, 11 April, 3-11 p.m. Address by Denys C. Holland, MA. 'Liberty and Law'. Concert. Miscellany on 'The Press'. Dance, etc. Tickets 5s. (s.a.e.) from Secretary, 28 Woburn Square, WC1.

ICA, 17 Dover Street, W1. Poetry - American Poets. Isabella Gardiner and W. S. Merwin will read from their own works. Chairman: Sir Herbert Read. Members 1s. 6d. Guests 3s. Thursday 9 April 8.15 p.m.

SIR Albert Richardson talks on 'The Fine Arts in the Eighteenth Century'. Finsbury Central Library, Skinner St, Rosebery Ave, EC1. Mon. 6 Apr., 8.30 (arr. Finsbury Art Group). Non-members 1s. 6d.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Wed. 8 April. 'Has the Journalists' Influence Declined?'. Gerald Kaufmann, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1. 7.30. Vis 2s. 6d.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, SW1. 11 April at 6 p.m. M. Jean Dattas (Alliance Française): La Musique française et l'Espagne (avec disques musicaux).

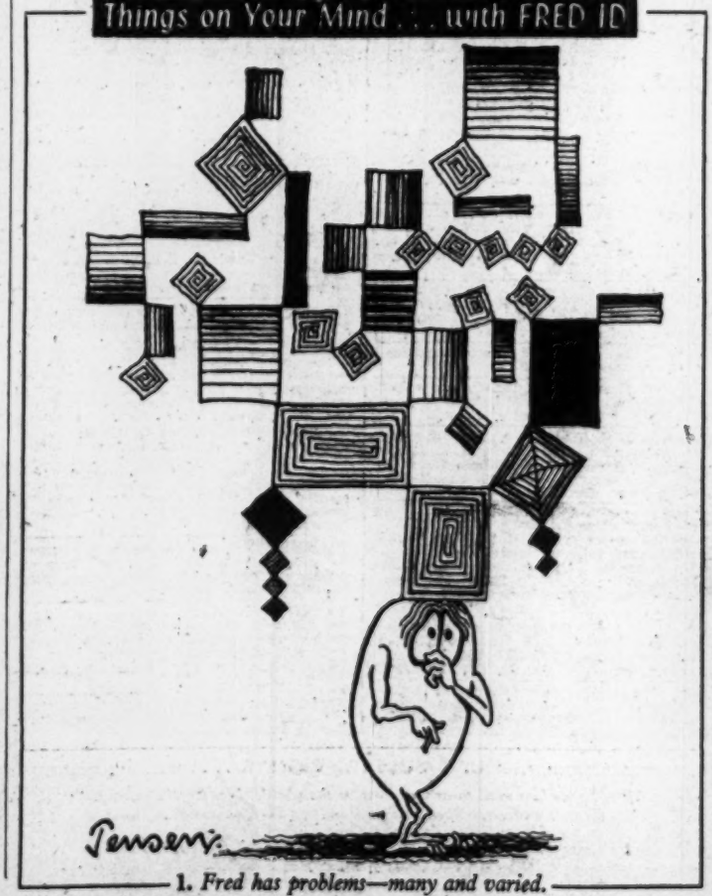
S. PLACE Ethical Soc. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Sun. 11 a.m. 5 Apr. Richard Peters, Ph.D. 'Thomas Hobbes and his "Leviathan" Today'. Write for free 'Record'. Chamber Music Concert 6.30 p.m.

FILM & TV, including live broadcasts: 'The Visual Persuaders', National Film Theatre, 3 May-10 May. Full programme from John Morley, Joint Council for Education Through Art, 1 Cambalt Road, SW15.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Square, SW1. Public Lecture, Wed. 8 April, 6.30 sharp: 'Buddhism & Common Sense', U Maung Maung Ji. Send 3s. for 'The Middle Way' and learn about all aspects of Buddhism & the Buddhist movement. And don't forget our Summer School, Hoddesdon, 28 Aug.-4 Sep., £9. There's always a rush because those who've been before want to come again, so book soon. Information TAT. 1313.

IWC London Branch. Fri. 10 April, 8.30 p.m. Free. Rev. W. W. Simpson, MA. 'The Jews at Home.' 62 Queen's Gdns, W2. PAD. 0688.

W. Q. JUDGE: Public Lectures on his Writings. Sun. 5 April, 8 p.m. 'On Psychism'. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, W2 (PAD. 0688).



1. Fred has problems—many and varied.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8, Sun., 5 April, 6.30. Music & Readings, 7 p.m. 'Faith or Fear': F. H. Amphlett Micklewright.

RAMAKRISHNA Anniversary: Tues. 7 Apr., 7.30, Caxton Hall, SW1. Chairman: Dr Arnold Toynbee, CH: 'Sri Ramakrishna & the Indian Contribution to World Harmony'. Speaker: Swami Ghanananda: 'The Significance of Sri Ramakrishna's Life & Message'. Thurs. 9 Apr., 7.30, Kingsway Hall, Holborn: Swami Mukhyananda: 'Are There Many Religions?' Suns, 5 p.m., Swami Ghanananda on Bhagavad-Gita.

THE Vedanta Movement. Lecture by Swami Avyaktananda on Hinduism Old And New. At Caxton Hall, Caxton Street, SW1, on Friday, 10 April, at 7.30 p.m.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily. London H.Q., 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL. 3351.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

FELLOWSHIP of Friends of Truth. Weekend conference 17-19 April, at Bewdley, Worcs. Dr Douglas Latto on 'Wholeness'. Secretary, 'Garthnewydd', Brecon Rd, Merthyr Tydfil, Glamorgan.

GARDEN Design: Residential Course, 17-19 April. Talks with Sylvia Crowe and visits to notable gardens. Fee £3 3s. Details from the Secretary, Dillington House College for Adult Education, Ilminster, Somerset.

DAVIES'S Training Course (evening) for prospective Teachers of English to Foreigners, 13 April to 8 June. Particulars from Davies's, 54 Hyde Park Gate, SW7. (KNIghtsbridge 6833.)

DARTINGTON Music School, Director of Music, Richard Hall, provides a full-time general musical education for performers & teachers with individual tuition in voice & instruments. In being residential the School offers exceptional facilities for chamber music ensemble playing & choral singing. Scholarships are awarded. Prospectus from the Secretary, The Arts Centre, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S. Devon.

SECRETARIAL Training, especially for university graduates, and older students, six-month and intensive 14-week courses. Write Organising Secretary, Davies's, 2 Addison Road, W1. PARk 8392.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre. School of Foreign Languages & School of English for Foreign Nationals. Students' Club, 26-32 Oxford Street, LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day & evng classes or private lessons, beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

TUITION by post for GCE, Lond. Univ. Degrees, Diplomas; Law, Profess. exams. Mod. fees. Prospectus (mention exam.) from E. W. Shaw Fletcher, CBE, LLB, Dept VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

THE Re-education Centre (Formerly the Isobel Cripps Centre Ltd), 18 Lansdowne Road, Holland Park, W11, under the direction of Lois Cairk and Donald Grant. Tuition in Posture, Movement and relaxation of muscular and nervous tension.

TOUCH-typing. Learn in 12-24 private lessons. Peggy Sutton. FLAxman 7967.

ITALIAN, French, Germ. (Rome Univ., Sorb., Heidelb.), spec. Holiday Syll., also coach to Univ. Ent. Mrs Chanda, HAM. 7322.

EXPERT tuition in interpretation and technique of Pianoforte playing - Leschetizky Method. Tanya Polunin, LRAM, 46 Clarendon Rd., London, W.11.

SPANISH Guitar. Lessons. Auth. Span. meth. Personal and class lessons by Len Williams. Apply free booklet cont. 'History of the Guitar'; Spanish Guitar Centre, 36 Cranbourne St., WC2. Tel. COV. 0754.

A SPECIAL 2 day wkend crse 18-19 Apr. in Basic Design & Colour. HAM. 4780.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

SUMMER Film School, British Film Institute. Morning lectures and discussions by visiting film celebrities, afternoon film-making, evening film programmes. At Eastbourne, 8-22 August. Single room accommodation with hot and cold water. Inclusive charge £22. Brochure from BFI, 4 Gt Russell St, WC1. COV. 2801.

SPEND an interesting week at an NCLC Summer School at Beatrice Webb House, Dorking, Surrey, from 18 to 25 July, or Wortley Hall, near Sheffield, from 8 to 15 August. Subjects include Public Speaking, Work Study, Labour and the Election and History and Policy of Trade Union Movement. Fee including board, accommodation and tuition, £7 5s. per week. Apply J. P. M. Millar, General Secretary, National Council of Labour Colleges, Tillicoultry, Scotland.

NEWLYN Holiday Sketching Group, 11 May to 11 Sept. 1959. Daily expeditions with tuition. Large studio. Beginners welcomed. Book for week, fortnight or longer. Prospectus from Director, Gernick Field Studio, Newlyn, Penzance, Cornwall.

SUMMER SCHOOLS—continued on p. 489

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